

DON CARLOS,

A

TRAGEDY,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

OF

FREDERICK SCHILLER.

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1800.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHILIP *the Second, King of Spain.*

DON CARLOS, *Prince, and Son of PHILIP.*

ALEXANDER FARNESE, *Prince of Parma.*

MARQUIS DE POSA,

DUKE of ALBA,

COUNT LERMA, *Colonel of the body-guard,*

DUKE of FERIA, *Knight of the Golden Fleece,*

DUKE of MEDINA SIDONIA, *Admiral,*

DON RAIMOND DE TAXIS, *Postmaster General,*

DOMINGO, *Confessor to the King.*

GRAND INQUISITOR of Spain.

PRIOR of a Carthusian Convent.

PAGE to the Queen.

DON LOUIS MERCADO, *the Queen's Physician.*

ELIZABETH DE VALOIS, *Philip's Queen.*

INFANTA CLARA EUGENIA, *a child of three years of age.*

DUCHESS D'OLIVAREZ, *Chief in waiting on the Queen.*

MARCHIONESS DE MONDEKAR,

PRINCESS EBOLI,

COUNTESS FUENTES,

Ladies, Nobles, Pages, Officers of the body-guard, and Mute Characters.

} *Grandeess of Spain.*

} *Ladies waiting on the Queen.*



RED IN STATIONERS-HALL.

DON CARLOS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Royal Garden in Aranjuez.*

DON CARLOS, DOMINGO.

Domingo.

THE happy days of Aranjuez are passed over, but your Royal Highness will not leave this place in a more cheerful state of mind. It was in vain that we came hither. [*Carlos with his eyes fixed on the ground, remains silent.*] Break this mysterious silence. Unbosom yourself, Oh prince, to your father: the king cannot purchase at too high a price the tranquillity of his only son. Wide extends his power. Is it possible you can have a single wish that heaven has denied you? I was in Toledo when you received the homage due to your exalted birth; when princes pressed to kiss your hand, and six kingdoms were at once prostrate at your feet. I beheld thy cheeks crimsoned with the proud blood of youth. I marked thy bosom swelling with princely resolutions, while your eye, that glistened with joy and satisfaction, announced the exultation of your heart. How different has been your appearance for eight months past, O prince! Your clouded brow has distracted the court, and distressed the kingdom, it has made our sovereign spend many wakeful nights, and has caused thy royal mother to shed many tears.

Car. [*Turning suddenly round.*] My mother!

Dom.

Dom. [*With surprize.*] Your highness !

Car. Gracious heaven ! teach me to forgive him who made her my mother !

Dom. What means your highness ?

Car. [*Recollects himself, and covers his forehead with his hand.*] Most reverend sir, singularly unfortunate have I been in mothers : my first act when I saw the light of this world, was to cause a mother's death.

Dom. Is it possible that your highness can seriously distress yourself with such an idea ?

Car. And my new mother—has she not already deprived me of my father's love ? He loved me only because he had no other child ; and she has brought him a daughter—Ah ! who can tell what events lie hid in the abyss of time ?

Dom. Your highness jests. All Spain adores the queen : you cannot be so singular as to view her with eyes of hatred. She is the loveliest woman in the world :—she would have been a queen without a crown. Scarcely have two and twenty summers matured her charms. She is your queen, and was once your affianced bride—No ; it is incredible, impossible ! Where all love with rapture, Carlos cannot hate. Such contradictions are not in his nature. Take heed, prince, lest she learn how much you dislike her ; for it would afflict her much.

Car. Do you think so ?

Dom. Your highness must surely remember the last tournament at Saragossa, when our nobles broke lances with each other. The queen with her attendants were in a balcony of the palace, and beheld the carlish. Suddenly there was a cry—
“ The

"The king bleeds!" The murmur rapidly spread until it reached the ear of the queen. "The prince!" she exclaimed; and nearly sprang out of the gallery—"No; the king," it was replied—"Haste then for a surgeon"—answered she, breathing again more freely. [*After a short pause.*] Your highness is thoughtful.

Car. I admire the king's most reverend confessor, who is so immersed in business of the greatest moment; yet I have always understood that spies and tale-bearers have done more mischief in the world, than poison or the dagger in the hands of murderers.—Sir, you might have spared yourself this trouble; if you wish for thanks, relate this to the king.

Dom. You are in the right, prince, to act with caution and distrust mankind; but learn to make a just distinction between the true friend and the hypocrite. I mean well towards you.

Car. Take care lest my father learn that, else you may aspire to the purple in vain.

Dom. Your highness!

Car. Has he not promised you the first cardinal's hat that shall be given in Spain?

Dom. Your highness is pleased to mock me!

Car. God forbid that I should mock the venerable holy man who can bestow on my father's soul everlasting happiness or misery.

Dom. The secret of your grief I will no more presume to penetrate; yet will I beseech your highness to remember, that the church offers an asylum to wounded consciences, to which monarchs have no key, where the foulest crimes lay absolved and buried under the seal of the sacrament. Your highness understands me: I have said enough.

Car.

Car. Father, I never thus will tempt the bearer of that seat!

Dom. Prince, this distrust—You know not your most faithful servant.

Car. [*Takes his hand.*] Leave me then. You are a holy man, and the world knows it; therefore, good father, your road is open to St Peter's chair. To know too much might only retard you on your way. Tell that to him who sent you.

Dom. Sent me!

Car. Ay, that was my word—Oh, but too well I know I am betrayed at this court. I know that a hundred eyes are constantly watching me. I know that Philip sells his only son most meanly to his servants, and bestows a more princely reward on the listner who repeats to him the unfinished syllables that may fall from my lips, than he ever paid for a good deed. I know—But—no more! my heart is too full; and I have already said more than enough.

Dom. The king returns to Madrid ere the evening, the court is already assembling. Will your highness permit me the honour——

Car. I'll follow—

(*Exit. Domingo.*)

[*After some pause.*] Philip, thou art much to be pitied as well as thy wretched son. I know thy soul writhes beneath the serpent-tooth of poisonous suspicion. Miserably anxious art thou to make a most dreadful discovery, which must drive thee to frenzy. Thy coffers may be drained, thy fleets may fall a prey to the fury of the tempest, the waves of rebellion may dash around the steps of thy throne, and thou wouldest contemplate thy misfortunes without dismay—but—

SCENE II.

SCENE II.

CARLOS. *The MARQUIS DE POSA.*

Car. My best, my dearest friend ! My Rodrigo !

Mar. My Carlos !

Car. Is it possible ! Can it be ! Art thou indeed De Posa ?—Oh ! yes, thou art—I press thee to my soul. I feel thy bosom beat in sympathy with mine. Now all is well again. This embrace is healing balm to my sick heart ; I lie on the neck of my Rodrigo.

Mar. Your sick heart !—Healing me !—What, is it mean ?—Indeed you surprize me.

Car. But what has brought my friend so unexpectedly from Brussels ? Whom am I to bless for this joyful surprize ?—Whom ? Why should I ask ? Pardon me, Providence ! whom but thee ? Thou knewest Carlos was deserted—Thou hast sent an angel to be his guardian.

Mar. Forgive me, dear prince, if my only reply to these violent raptures are expressions of uneasiness. It was not thus I hoped to find the son of Philip. With such perturbed passion have I never yet been saluted by Carlos. An unnatural glow fires your pale cheeks, and your lips tremble with a feverish quivering. What am I to think, dear prince ? Where is the lion-hearted youth to whom I am sent the messenger of an oppressed people ? For I am not now come as Rodrigo, the companion and playmate of the young Carlos ; but I am come to embrace thee, generous prince, as delegate from the human race. In my person the provinces of Flanders weep on thy neck, and implore deliverance ; for the dreadful period is arrived when
thy

thy intervention alone can prevent the total destruction of their liberties. Philip with cruel tyranny oppresses the hearts of the free-born people of Brabant, and if Alba, the detested executioner of fanaticism, shall reach Brussels, and establish Spanish laws, your beloved country will be utterly ruined. On the magnanimous grandson of Charles the last hope of that noble country depends. Your generous heart surely will always beat high in the cause of humanity.

Car. Alas! I have nought but tears to bestow, and these I much want myself. Heaven will not expect me to think of the affairs of nations.

Mar. Can it be my prince who has given me this answer? Can this be the language of the great Carlos, of the only man who has escaped the contagion of the times; who stands erect amid the general convulsion of Europe; who has dashed from his lips the poisonous cup of papacy, which for so many ages has intoxicated the world; and who has defended the rights of oppressed human nature in defiance of the thunder-bolts of priesthood, the cunning hypocrisy of monarchs, and the religious madness of the multitude?

Car. Do you talk of me? You are much deceived good man, and though I, too, once dreamed of a Carlos, whose blood burned in his cheeks at the name of liberty; yet alas!—he is long since no more. He who is now before thee is no longer the same Carlos that left you in Alkala; who fancied he could form an idea of paradise, and determined by his unlimited power to plant it in Spain. Oh! the thought was rapturously delightful, but it was most childish. These dreams have now all vanished.

Mar.

Mar. Dreams! your highness! Were they then only dreams?

Car. Allow me to weep warm tears upon thy heart, my only friend. There is not one in my father's empire in whom I can confide; no place in the wide world but this where I can pour forth my tears. Oh, Rodrigo! by all our hopes of bliss hereafter, do not attempt to remove me from this place. [*The marquis leans over him in great agitation.*] Look on me as an orphan. I am the son of a king, but I know not what a father is. Oh! couldst thou feel the emotions of my heart when I think that thou art true to me; when I flatter myself that nature cast us in the same mould, and strung our hearts in finest unison; that the tear which relieves my soul, is dearer to thee than my father's favour—

Mar. Yea, dearer than the world!

Car. Am I then fallen so low, am I become so poor, that I must recal to your remembrance the affection of our infant years, when no pain was half so terrible as your displeasure; when I resolved to love you with boundless friendship, though I despaired of resembling you? Has not the tear trembled in my eye, when you embraced the children of our vassals; and kneeled to me with cold forbidding reverence, that seemed to say, such is my duty to the king's son!

Mar. O, no more of this. These stories of our childish days call up my blushes.

Car. Yet I did not deserve this coldness; you rent my heart, but could not alienate it. Thrice you refused the friendship of the prince; and as often he returned, like an importunate beggar, to solicit

solicit and extort thy love. What the attentions of Carlos had failed to gain, an accident at length procured. It chanced, in heedless play, you struck your shuttlecock into my aunt, the queen of Bohemia's eye; she thought it was done intentionally, and complained to the king with tears. All the youth of the palace were instantly summoned before her, that she might point out the delinquent; and the king vowed that tho' he should prove to be his own son, he should be severely punished. Then I saw thee stand trembling at a distance. I rushed forward, exclaiming, The deed was mine, on me let vengeance fall!

Mar. Ah! why does your highness remind me of this?

Car. My father's anger was wreaked on me, and Carlos suffered like a slave before the whole court, who stood round compassionating him. I looked on thee, but I wept not. I gnashed my teeth with pain, but I wept not; my royal blood flowed beneath the merciless stripes, but I looked on thee, and I wept not. My boyish heroism enraged the king, and I was shut up twelve dreadful hours in a dismal dungeon. So ardent was my desire to gain the friendship of Rodrigo. I conquered—fir, you fell at my feet in tears; and exclaimed: "My pride is overcome. When thou art a king I will repay thee."

Mar. [*Giving him his band.*] I will indeed Carlos: thus I renew my infant vow.

Car. Hasten then to fulfil it: now I need thy love.

Mar. My love! in love only, the son of Philip cannot exceed me.

Car. My heart is torn by a dreadful secret: it shall

shall—it shall be revealed. I will read in thy pale cheeks my mortal sentence. Listen then,—I passionately love my mother!

Mar. O God omnipotent!

Car. Nay, do not spare me. Speak without reserve, and tell me that beneath the wide extended canopy of heaven there is not another wretch like me! Speak—I know what thou wilt say.—The son loves his mother—the usage of the world, the ordinance of nature, and every law condemn this passion—I fearfully attack my father's rights. All this I feel, and yet I love. I have entered a path which will lead me to madness, or to the scaffold—I love without hope; with mortal anguish, and with risk of life. All this I know, and yet I love.

Mar. And is the queen acquainted with your passion?

Car. How could I discover it to her? She is the wife of Philip, she is the queen; and this is the kingdom of Spain, guarded by the jealousy of my father, and encompassed with etiquette and ceremonial. How is it possible I could procure a private interview? Eight wretched months have already passed since the king recalled me from the royal school to court—since I have been condemned to gaze on her, to hear the music of her voice, and to be silent as the grave. For eight miserable months, Rodrigo, has this fire blazed in my bosom. A thousand times has the dread secret risen to my lips, then cowardly retreated to my heart!—Oh! Rodrigo! Oh! that I might be alone with her only for a few moments, only for so long time as is necessary for man to reconcile himself to heaven!

Mar. Ah! But do you forget your father?

B

Car.

Car. Alas! Why do you remind me of him? Tell me of all the horrors of conscience, but speak not of my father; the bands of nature are for ever rent asunder!

Mar. Do you then hate your father?

Car. No! Oh! no.—But horror, and the remorse of a malefactor, invade my soul at the name. Yet the slavish manner of my education hurt the germ of love in my infant heart. Six years had I been in existence ere I saw the dreaded man who I was informed was my father. That very morning he had hastily signed four warrants of death. From this time I never saw him but to receive punishment for supposed offences. Gracious heaven! I feel the resentment of my heart raised.—Leave me! Oh! be gone.

Mar. No! you shall unbosom all your thoughts to me; your oppressed heart may thus obtain relief.

Car. Oft have I had to combat these feelings; oft at midnight, while my guards have slept, I have prostrated myself before the image of my Saviour, and prayed for a milder heart, but rose unheard. Oh! Rodrigo! Canst thou explain this wonderful enigma—Why Providence, out of so many thousand fathers, should have bestowed this father on me; and from among so many thousand better sons, decreed that I should be his? Two more irreconcilable opposites are not in nature. How came the two extremities of the human race, to be united by so sacred a bond as that of father and son? Here, Rodrigo, you see two jarring stars which meet and clash but once in the vast expanse of time, then separate for ever.

Mar. Some fatal moment is I fear approaching.

Car.

Car. I fear it also. Terrifying dreams haunt me like furies from the infernal abyfs. Horrid projects offer themselves to my distempered imagination. My understanding wades through the labyrinths of sophism, till it reaches the brink of an awful gulph. Oh! Rodrigo: when I have forgotten the father—I see by your pale look you understand my meaning—What is the king to me?

Mar. [*After a pause.*] Will you allow me one request?—Whatever you may purpose; how violently soever passion may impel you, promise me that you will determine on nothing without consulting me—Promise me this.

Car. I promise you all that friendship can demand. I place myself entirely in your hands.

Mar. I understand the king returns immediately to the capital. If you would speak to the queen, you can only accomplish it in Aranjuez.—The silence of the place, the unconstrained manners of the country, all conspire to favour it.

Car. I hoped so; but, alas, I have been deceived.

Mar. Perhaps not. I shall soon present myself before her, as I meant to have done though I had not seen you. She, and she only, is privy to the secret of our friendship. If she is in Spain, what she was at the court of Henry, she is open and without disguise.—I shall speak to her of her son.

Car. Admirable! divine!

Mar. If her heart speaks in her eyes, and I can read hope in them for Carlos: if I find her disposed for an interview; and if it be possible get her attendant ladies for an instant out of the way—

Car. Most of them are friendly to me. The marchioness de Mondekar is especially attached to

to me, on her son's account whom I have taken in to my service as a page.

Mar. So much the better.—Be at hand to make your appearance at a given signal.

Car. I will—I will. Use all dispatch.

Mar. But what shall be the signal? The distance is considerable, and your being too near might be dangerous to us both.

Car. [*After a little thought.*] How?—If this succeeds!—It must; It must.—This is her usual time of walking in the garden.—The fountains thro' the whole garden communicate with that of the Nereides before the queen's pavilion, and fortunately, they are now all stopped. If you can contrive to open that fountain, all the cascades in Aranjuez will play, and that shall be my signal.

Mar. Excellent thought! I shall not lose a moment. Adieu, therefore, until we meet again.

[*Exeunt on different sides.*]

SCENE III. The Court of the Queen at Aranjuez.

[*A rural Landscape, intersected by an Alley, and terminated by the Villa of the Queen.*]

The QUEEN, the DUCHESS D'OLIVAREZ, the PRINCESS EBOLI, the MARCHIONESS DE MONDEKAR, coming up the Alley.

Queen. I should like you near me, Mondekar; the lively eyes of the princess have plagued me the whole morning. Look at her: she cannot conceal her joy that we are to leave the country.

Ebo. I must confess, madam—shall I see Madrid again with pleasure?

Mond. And will not your majesty also? Can you regret so much leaving Aranjuez! *Queen.*

Queen. I regret indeed leaving these beauteous scenes; scenes which have always been the delight of my heart. Here rural nature, the bosom friend of my early youth, again salutes me. Here again I experience the joys of my infant days; and here the zephyr of France seem again to flutter round me. Be not offended with the expression I use, for we are all, more or less, partial to our own country.

Ebo. But how solitary, dead, and dreary, is the scene here! I could almost suppose myself at La Trappe.

Queen. It does not appear so to me, for I think the scene is dead and dreary only in Madrid. But what says the Duchess to this?

Oliv. My opinion is, your majesty, that it would be most pleasant to pass one month here, another in the Prado; and the winter in the capital; as long as there shall be kings in Spain.

Queen. Right.—You know I never dispute with you, Duchess.

Mond. And Madrid will soon be full of life and bustle now. The Great Square is preparing for a bull-fight; and we are also promised an *Auto da Fé*.

Queen. We are promised! Were these the words of the gentle Mondekar?

Mond. Why not? They are heretics who are burned.

Queen. My Eboli, I hope, thinks otherwise.

Ebo. I'madam; I hope you do not think me a worse christian than the Marchioness de Mondekar.

Queen. Alas! I had forgot where I was.—We will change the subject—I think we talked of the

country—The month we have spent here, appears to me, to have been uncommonly short. I promised myself much pleasure here, but I have been disappointed.—It is so with every hope.—My wishes are never gratified.

Oliv. Princess Eboli, you have not yet told us whether Gomez may be permitted to hope; or whether we shall soon salute you as his bride?

Queen. Right! you remind me duchess. (*To the princess.*) I am requested to speak in his favour. But this is somewhat delicate: the man on whom I bestow my Eboli should have virtue and merit.

Oliv. These is he possessed of, your majesty; and is, besides, honoured with the royal favour of our gracious Sovereign.

Queen. That must make him very happy.—But, we desire to know whether he can love, and deserves to be beloved—what say you, Eboli?

Ebo. [*Stands for some time in silent confusion; then falls at the feet of the Queen.*]

Gracious queen—oh! pity me! let me not, for heaven's sake, let me not be sacrificed.

Queen. Sacrificed!—I need no more.—Arise—It is hard to be sacrificed.—I believe you—arise.—Is it long since you refused the Count?

Ebo. [*Rising.*] Oh! many months. It was before prince Carlos left the royal school.

Queen. [*With a look of scrutiny.*] Have you examined yourself; why you refused him?

Ebo. [*Earnestly.*] I never can accept him, your majesty; for a thousand reasons, I cannot.

Queen. [*Very seriously.*] More than one is too many. He has not your affection; that is enough for me—No more of this. [*To the other ladies.*]

I have not seen the Infanta to-day. Bring her to me marchioness.

Oliv. [*Looking at her watch.*] It is not the hour yet, your majesty.

Queen. Not yet the hour for a mother to see her child! Alas!—Forget not, however, to tell me when she comes. [*Enters a page, who whispers the duchess Olivarez.*]

Oliv. The marquis de Posa, your majesty.

Queen. De Posa.

Oliv. He comes from France and the Netherlands, and requests the honour to deliver to you letters from the queen regent.

Queen. And may this be allowed?

Oliv. [*After a short pause.*] In my directions I find not this extraordinary case of a Castilian grandee, who comes to deliver letters from a foreign court to the queen of Spain in her garden.

Queen. Admit him then at my own peril.

Oliv. Your majesty will, however, allow me in the meantime to retire.

Queen. In that point act as you please duchess. [*Exit the duchess, and the queen makes a sign to the page, who likewise goes off.*]

SCENE IV. *The QUEEN, PRINCESS EBOLI, MARCHIONESS DE MONDEKAR, MARQUIS DE POSA.*

Queen. Welcome to Spain, chevalier.

Mar. And never with so just a pride could call it my country as now.

Queen. [*To the two ladies.*] The marquis de Posa, who in a tournament at Rheims broke a lance with my father, and thrice procured my colour the glory of a triumph. The first Spaniard who made me

me sensible of the glory of being queen of Spain. [*turning to the marquis.*] When last we met at the Louvre, chevalier, I suppose you did not think you should ever be my guest in Castile.

Mar. No, great queen; for I certainly did not think that France would have bestowed on us the only object we could envy her.

Queen. Haughty Spaniard! The only one! And this to a daughter of the house of Valois!

Mar. Yes, your majesty; this I may dare to say; for you are now ours.

Queen. I understand you have come through France; what have you brought from my highly honoured mother, and my beloved brothers?

Mar. [*Presenting letters.*] The queen regent was ill, and unable to taste any other joy of this world, but that of knowing that her daughter is happy on the throne of Spain.

Queen. Oh! she cannot be otherwise when she thinks of so dear a relation?—You have seen many courts in your travels, chevalier, I am told you have traversed, one half the north—Made you any stay in London?

Mond. In London!

Ebo. In London! then the chevalier has seen the heretic queen—How did she look?

Mar. Almost as beautiful as the princess Eboli—on a throne.

Ebo. Beautiful! Mondekar?

Queen. And now you are come back to live in privacy at home; a greater prince within your quiet walls than Philip on his throne—You are a votary to freedom of thought and a philosopher.—I am afraid

fraid you will not be greatly pleased with Madrid
We are very——tranquil—in Madrid.

Mar. Which is more than can be boasted of in the rest of Europe.

Queen. So I hear; but I quickly forget the events that happen abroad, unless they are recalled to my recollection—I should hardly have thought it, but I believe there is no part for which I am better adapted, than to be a queen.

Mar. Certainly it will be so to those who are born to honours and sovereignty.

Queen. [*Looking earnestly at the marquis.*] The world has corrupted you, marquis, I scarcely can recognize in you the philosopher, who uninfluenced by hope, and despising fear, dared to speak truth even to the throne.

Mar. Rather allow it to be the boldest freedom of speech to confess the truth where no flatterer would dare to declare it.

Queen. (*To the princess Eboli.*) Princess is not that a hyacinth bloom yonder, will you be so good as to fetch it for me. (*The princess goes to the place, and the queen speaks somewhat lower to the marquis.*) Chevalier, if I am not mistaken your arrival has infused new spirits and vivacity into at least one person at this court.

Mar. I have, however, found one most melancholy, who was formerly gay and lively, as—(*The princess returns with the flower.*)

Ebo. As the chevalier has seen so many countries, he can of course tell us many extraordinary adventures.

Mar. More especially as the duty of the knight is to seek adventures, and his most sacred obligation is to protect the fair.

Mond.

Mond. From giants, but there are now no giants.

Mar. Power is always a giant to the feeble.

Queen. The chevalier is in the right: giants still exist, but knights do not.

Mar. On my return from Naples lately, I witnessed an event which the sacred bond of friendship rendered interesting to me.—Were I not afraid I should tire your majesty by the relation—

Queen. Do not mind me—The princess's curiosity must not be balked. Proceed, I like to hear such histories.

Mar. Two noble families of Mirandola, wearied with the long jealousy and enmity which, from the feuds between the Ghibellines and Guelphs, had subsisted between them for centuries, determined to confirm a lasting peace by the gentle bands of marriage. Fernando, the nephew of the powerful Pietro, and the beautiful Matilda, the daughter of Colonna, were chosen for this alliance. Never were two amiable hearts more exactly formed for each other; never was choice more fortunately and wisely made. Fernando had yet only adored his lovely bride by worshipping her image. Of what anxious hopes and fears were his ardent expectations composed! In Padua, where he was detained by his studies, he waited the happy moment when he should be allowed to pay the first homage of his love at the feet of his Matilda. [*The queen is more attentive. The Marquis proceeds, after a short pause; and, with becoming respect to the presence of the queen, appears to address himself more to the princess Eboli.*] In the mean time death deprived Pietro of his consort, and with youthful ardour the old man listened to the voice of fame, which

which loudly extolled the divine beauty of Matilda—He saw her, and fell passionately in love: the new flame stifled the voice of nature; the uncle bore away his nephew's bride, and consecrated his robbery at the altar!

Queen. And how did Fernando behave on the occasion?

Mar. Flying on the wings of love, and ignorant of his unhappy fate, he arrived at Mirandola. It was night, and the sound of cymbals, drums, dancing, and bacchanalian clamour, deafened his ears as he drew near the palace, which blazed with lights. Unknown to the guests he entered the spacious hall, where, in riotous merriment, Pietro sat:—an angel by his side, an angel whom Fernando knew; but one whom even his dreams had not painted so divinely lovely, as he now beheld her.

Ebo. Wretched Fernando!

Queen. Have you finished, chevalier? Your story is certainly ended.

Mar. Not entirely.

Queen. Did you not say Fernando was your friend?

Mar. I have none dearer.

Ebo. Go on with your story, chevalier.

Mar. It is most mournful—and the recollection renews the pain my heart then felt.—Spare me the conclusion,—

[A general silence.]

The Queen. [to the princess Eboli.] Surely I may now be permitted to embrace my daughter.—Bring her to me. [Exit princess.—The marquis makes a sign to a page in the back ground, who immediately disappears. The queen opens the letters given her by the marquis, and appears surprised. In the mean time,

time, the marquis speaks, secretly and very earnestly, to the Marchioness de Mondekar.—The queen then with an enquiring look——] You have not yet mentioned Matilda. Perhaps she knew not how much Fernando suffered?

Mar. The heart of Matilda no one has yet penetrated; but great souls suffer in silence.

Queen. You look around: whom do you seek?

Mar. I was thinking how happy a certain person would be were he in my place.

Queen. Whose fault is it that he is not?

Mar. [*with animation.*] What do I hear!—May I construe this favourably?—Will you pardon him if he now make his appearance.

Queen. Now!—Now! What is your meaning?

Mar. May he be bold enough to hope? May he—

Queen. You terrify me, Chevalier!—He will not.—

Mar. He is here.

SCENE V. The QUEEN, DON CARLOS.

[*The Marquis de Posa, and the Marchioness de Mondekar retire to the back-ground.*]

Car. [*kneeling before the Queen.*] At last the blissful moment is arrived, that Carlos touches this dear hand. Oh, most extatic moment of my life! now I am indeed happy!

Queen. Frantic young man! What daring dangerous madness! Rise, instantly! We are discovered—My attendants are at hand.

Car. No, I will not rise: here will I for ever kneel; here lie; rooted to this spot.

Queen. Madman! to what rashness has my favour led you! Do you not recollect that it is the queen,

queen, that it is your mother, whom you address in this extravagant and presumptuous manner!—that I myself must inform the king—

Car. And that I die. Let me be carried hence to the scaffold. A moment passed in this blissful paradise is cheaply purchased with death.

Queen. And your queen?—

Car. [*Rising.*] O God!—O God!—I go—yes, I will leave you.—Must I not, when you require it? One look, the most transient glance, a single word from you, suspends me between heaven and hell; commands me to live, or condemns me to die. What wish of yours will I not comply with! what is there beneath the sun which I would not sacrifice if you desire it!

Queen. Fly me!

Car. O God!

Queen. My only request, and I conjure you with tears to grant it me, is, that you would leave me—leave me immediately, else the ladies of my court, my pages, my keeper, shall discover us in this agitation, and carry your father the momentous news.—Still do you hesitate and stand undetermined? Unhappy youth!—Stay, then, and cause the destruction of us both.

Car. For life or death I am prepared.—Have I overcome so many obstacles; made my way thro' the labyrinth of ceremony, and braved all the minotaurs by which you are surrounded, to pass one single moment in your presence alone; and shall I now be easily alarmed with false fears?—No, queen, many hundred, many thousand days may run on, ere accident shall present me such another opportunity.

C

Queen.

Queen. Another it never shall. Unhappy youth! what wouldst thou have with me?

Car. Oh! I have struggled with my passion as no mortal ever strove; heaven be my witness.—But, alas! I strove in vain.—My heroism is gone, I am vanquished.

Queen. No more of this, if you would wish me peace.

Car. Yes—I will speak.—My tortures are alleviated by these ravings. You were mine; promised me, in sight of the world, by two mighty potentates; acknowledged mine by heaven and nature; and Philip has stolen you from me.

Queen. He is your father.

Car. And your husband.

Queen. Who has given you the greatest kingdom in the world for an inheritance.

Car. And you for a mother—

Queen. Gracious heaven!—you are frenzied!

Car. But is he sensible of the value of what he possesses? Does his heart beat in unison with the feeling of yours?—I will not complain. Gracious Providence! I will pardon thee; I will forget how inexpressibly happy I should have been with her—But is my father so? No; he is not so. He despises the best gift of heaven—He is not so—This is the torture of hell. He is not nor ever can be so. My paradise was ravished from me, to be blasted in the arms of Philip.

Queen. Abominable thought!

Car. Oh! I know who was the author of this marriage. I know how Philip can love, and how he weds. All powerful nature—A more divine creature

creature than thou hadst produced for thousands of years, and such as perhaps thou wilt not form again for thousands more—And now, now, now—blush for thyself, nature, she is made the pledge of treacherous treaties; and sacrificed in the cabinet, in close conclave, to the mercenary views of counsellors and prelates; bargained for like vile merchandize, and, when the transaction is concluded, she is delivered to the purchaser.—Thus it is that kings marry!

Queen. Oh! no more!

Car. And what are you in this kingdom? Are you queen? No, no, that cannot be. If you were queen, Alba could not commit his enormities, and Flanders would not bleed for religion? Are you Philip's wife?—Impossible!—Impossible! A wife possesses her husband's heart; and have you his?

Queen. What is it can make you thus bold? Who has told you that I am not happy, as Philip's wife.

Car. My heart; which feels with the most ardent passion that you would be happier were you my wife.

Queen. Vain man! What if my heart tells me the contrary. What if the reverential tenderness of Philip, and the dumb eloquence of his love, be more acceptable to me than the presumptuous oratory of his proud son! What if I value the esteem of an old man—

Car. It would alter the matter much.—Then, must I implore your forgiveness—I knew it not—I knew that you loved the king

Queen. I understand your scornful smile. No;
I

I love him not.—But it is my wish and my pleasure to honour him.

Car. Have you never loved ?

Queen. A strange question.

Car. Have you never loved ?

Queen. I love no more.

Car. Whether because your heart, or because your vow, forbids it ?

Queen. Quit my presence, prince, and never again seek to renew this interview.

Car. Whether because your vow, or because your heart, forbids it ?

Queen. Because my duty—Unhappy youth ! Why this sad enquiry into a fate to which both of us must now submit !

Car. Must ! must submit !

Queen. Certainly. What means that fiery tone ?

Car. It means that Carlos knows not *must* ; and will not be the wretchedest creature in this empire, when only by breaking the laws he might be the happiest.

Queen. Am I to understand that you still hope then ? You dare still to hope, though all has long since been lost !

Car. The dead only need despair.

Queen. Does your hope aspire to me, to your mother ? [*She looks on him for some time with great earnestness ; then proceeds in an energetic tone.*] But why not ? Oh ! the new successor to the throne can do more than that—He can cast into the flames all the ordinances of his predecessor ; he can trample on his statues, and bury in oblivion the memory of his name. He can rebuild what he destroyed ; and demolish what he erected.—What should prevent him ?

him?—He can tear the sacred ashes of his ancestor from their peaceful tomb in the escorial, expose them to the light of day, and scatter them in the winds of heaven. And, at last, as a worthy consummation—

Car. For heaven's sake, speak not thus!

Queen. And at last—he may marry his mother.

Car. Damned son! [*Stands a moment confounded and speechless.*] Yes—now, now it is disclosed. I sensibly feel what should have remained eternally hid from me. To me you are for ever, ever, ever lost! The die is cast, and you to me are lost for ever. The torture of hell is in the thought. I cannot support it longer: my nerves begin to rend asunder.

Queen. Dear and much to be pitied Carlos, I feel, I do most sensibly feel, the inexpressible agony which rages in thy bosom. Great as your love, is your suffering, and mighty like both, will be the glory of vanquishing your passion. Engage in the conflict, youthful hero; the prize is worthy of the arduous combat; worthy of the youth whose heart beats to emulate the virtue of so many royal ancestors—Rouse yourself to manly resolution, noble prince—The grandson of Charles the Great should prosecute that undertaking with redoubled strength under which other mortals sink exhausted.

Car. Oh! It is too late; gracious heaven! it is too late.

Queen. What, is it too late to be a man? Must not that virtue be the most exalted which breaks our hearts in the exercise of it? Providence has allotted you a nation, more elevated than millions of your brethren. Has heaven been partial in be-

flowing on its favourite what it has taken from others, and what millions seek? Before our birth, what can we deserve more than other mortals?—Arise, then, and exert yourself. Vindicate the justice of heaven. Prove yourself worthy of your pre-eminence over the rest of the world; and shew of what sufferings and what sacrifices you are capable.

Car. I can suffer much, much I can also sacrifice; in the contest to obtain you I have gigantic strength; but losing you I am feeble indeed.

Car. Be candid, Carlos, confess the truth; pride and indignation have given birth to your furious passion for me. That love, that heart, which you so profusely offer to me, belongs to the world which you are hereafter to govern. Like a faithless guardian, you squander the property of your ward. Restore to your future kingdom the love you so sinfully waste on me. Then, instead of feeling the pangs of conscience, you will enjoy the godlike pleasure of doing well. Your first love was Elizabeth; let your second be Spain. How willingly, excellent Carlos, would I yield to my more worthy rival!

Car. [*Throws himself with great emotion at her feet.*] Heavenly woman! How noble is thy soul! Yes, whatever you command I will perform. Speak the word and I will die; yea, and renounce eternal bliss. [*Rises.*] Here in the presence of Almighty God I swear—and swear to you;—eternally—O heavens! no—only eternally to be silent—not eternally to forget.

Queen. How can I ask Carlos to make a vow which I should be unwilling to make myself?

The

The marquis. [*Coming hastily out of the alley.*]
The king!

Queen. O heavens!

Mar. Begone, prince; instantly begone.

Queen. Should he have any suspicion it would be most dreadful—Did he see you?

Car. I will stay. Who has the right to be here, I or he? I am in a proper mood to ask that question.

Queen. And who must be the sacrifice?

Car. [*Pulls the marquis by the arm.*] Let us begone—Come, Rodrigo—[*Going, returns.*] What shall I carry with me?

Queen. The friendship of your mother.

Car. Friendship! Mother!

Queen. And these tears from the Netherlands.
[*Gives him letters.*]

Car. Ah! I understand. [*Exit with the marquis.*]
The queen, in some confusion, looks round for her ladies, who are not to be seen. As she is going towards the back of the scene, the king enters.

SCENE VI.—*The KING, QUEEN, DUKE ALBA, COUNT LERMA, DOMINGO, LADIES, GRANDEES, behind.*

The King. [*Walks up and down, without speaking for some time, apparently surprized and dissatisfied.*] Alone, madam! not one of your ladies with you? It surprizes me. Where are your attendants?

Queen. My gracious consort—

King. And why are you so confused, madam? Your cheeks are covered with blushes—All is not well. Why are you alone? Where are your ladies? [*Turning to the nobles.*] This unpardonable negligence shall be carefully enquired into. Who is chief in waiting on the queen to-day?

Queen:

Queen. Oh, be not angry—I am alone in fault. The princess Eboli went hence by my orders.

King. By your orders!

Queen. To desire one of the attendants to bring my infant daughter.

King. And therefore you were left alone! 'Tis strange by heaven! But in future, madam, spare our kingdom the disgrace of seeing you left thus without attendants when you would embrace your child. Castile is certainly sufficiently populous to supply the queen with attendants. This excuses only the first lady in waiting. Where was the second?

Mon. [*Who in the mean time has returned and joined the other Ladies.*] Your Majesty; I feel I am in fault.

King. And to give you time to reflect on that fault, we banish you from Madrid for ten years. [*The marchioness retires in tears—A general silence—All eyes are turned with alarm on the queen.*]

Queen. Marchioness, dry up your tears. [*To the king.*] If I have erred, most gracious consort, the royal crown I wear, to which I never aspired, ought at least to protect me from blushing. Is there a law in this kingdom which cites a monarch's daughter before a tribunal? Are the ladies of Spain only secured by constraint, and is a witness a better security for them than their virtue?—Pardon me, my husband, I am not used to dismiss those in tears who have served me joyfully—Mondekar! [*Takes off her sash, and gives it to the marchioness.*] You have offended the king, not me. Take, therefore, this token of my favour; and quit

quit the kingdom—You have offended only in Spain : in my native France joy will soon wipe away thy tears. Oh ! must I be always reminded, *Leans on the principal attendant, and covers her face*] how different are the manners of France !

King. [With emotion.] Can it be possible !—Elizabeth !—O heavens ! is it come to this !—Can a rebuke, dictated by my love, disturb you thus—a word proceeding from the tenderest anxiety. *[Turns towards the nobles.]* Here are the vassals of my throne. Never does sleep seal my eyelids on the evening of each day, e'er I consider how the hearts of my people beat in the most distant regions where extends my sway—and shall I bestow more anxiety on them than on the wife of my heart ?—My sword may protect my people, Duke Alba, but my watchful eye alone must guard my wife's affection.

Queen. If I have offended you, my husband—

King. I am stiled the most powerful as well as the richest monarch in Christendom—The sun sets not in my dominions. Yet all this shall soon belong to another, and after him to many more—One possession only is my own. What the king holds belongs to fortune—but Elizabeth is the property of Philip—Here, here am I vulnerable ; here mortal.

Queen. My liege !—This doubt !—You terrify me—Do you fear ?

King. May not these grey hairs fear ?—Yet when I once begin to fear, my fears are over.—I look round the nobles of my court, but I see not the chief—Where is Don Carlos, my son ? *[No one answers.]* The boy Don Carlos, begins to be formidable to me ; he shuns my presence since he came

came from the royal school of Alkala. His blood is hot; why then is his look so cold; why is his behaviour so studied and precise?—Whence is that in my Lord Duke? He is a comet, who in approaching my horizon excites alarm—I like him not too near. Be watchful; I repeat it, be watchful, though heir to so many crowns numbers impatiently throb the pulses of his father's blood.—It was ambition to resemble gods that made the devils—Be watchful I charge you.

Alba. While a heart beats beneath this coat of mail, Don Philip may sleep in security. As the cherub of God before Paradise, Duke Alba is stationed before the throne.

Ler. Humbly may I be permitted to speak before the wisest of monarchs? Too much do I reverence the majesty of my sovereign to judge his faults so hastily and harshly. I fear much from the warm blood of Carlos; but nothing from his heart.

King. Count Lerma, you endeavour adroitly to deceive a father; the Duke, however, shall be the king's protector—But more of this to-morrow [*Turns towards his train.*] I hasten now to Madrid, whither my royal duties call me. The plague of heresy has infected my people, and rebellion has widely extended his banner in our Netherlands. It is time some terrible examples should teach my subjects to beware of such errors. To-morrow the duty which religion imposes on all kings shall be discharged. The scaffolds shall be numerous, and the punishments awful. I hereby invite my whole court to the solemnity [*Taking the arm of the queen.*] Your majesty likewise will attend.

Queen.

Queen. Oh! spare me! Alas, I am a woman, a feeble woman.

King. A christian too, I hope—If so come and prove it. [*Exit with the queen; the rest follow.*]

SCENE VII. DON CARLOS *with letters in his hand,*
and the MARQUIS DE POSA, from the opposite side.

Car. Say no more; I am determined Flanders shall be saved. She wills it; that is enough for me.

Mar. Lose not a moment then; for it is said Duke Alba is already appointed governor in the cabinet.

Car. He is appointed, but he is not yet gone. To-morrow, therefore, I will request an audience of my father, and ask the office for myself. It is the first petition I have ever offered; and he cannot refuse me. He sees me with uneasiness in Madrid, and will anxiously avail himself of so plausible a pretext to remove me from him. Besides, shall I confess the truth to you, Rodrigo?—My hopes extend still farther. Perhaps this interview may restore me again to his favour. He has never yet heard the voice of nature; I will try, Rodrigo, what will be its effect from my lips.

Mar. Now, indeed, thou art my Carlos again—Now thou art thyself again.

Car. I feel divinity in every vein; so has the sight of the queen inspired me.

SCENE VIII. COUNT LERMA, DON CARLOS, *the*
MARQUIS DE POSA.

Ler. The king has left Aranjuez. I am commanded—

Car.

Car. Very well, Count Lerma. I will follow the king.

Mar. [*Ceremoniously, and as if he were going*]
Your highness has no other commands?

Car. None, chevalier. I hope to wish you joy on your arrival in Madrid; you will then tell me more of Flanders. [*To Count Lerma, who still waits.*] I follow you. [*Exit Lerma*]

SCENE IX. DON CARLOS, *the* MARQUIS.

Car. I understood you—I thank you. But this constraint can only be justified by the presence of a third person—Are we not brothers?—This mimicry of rank shall for the future be banished from our friendship—Let us fancy ourselves at a masquerade; you as a servant, and I, equipped in a purple robe. While the entertainment lasted we would personate the characters we had assumed, not to destroy the deception which amused the company. But your Carlos might without impropriety make friendly signs to you through his mask; you, in passing, might press my hand, and we should understand each other.

Mar. Oh! The dream is exquisite; but will it not be transitory? Is my Carlos certain, that he will not fall a prey to the allurements of sovereignty? An important day will arrive; a day when this heroism, permit me to say it, will be exposed to a severe trial.—King Philip dies, and Carlos succeeds to the most exalted throne in Christendom. An immeasurable distance is between him and the rest of the race of mortals, and he is to-day a divinity who was yesterday a man. He has now no weaknesses; his word is the voice of fate; and

poor

poor human nature crouches at his feet. His feelings for others are extinguished when he can no longer suffer himself. His virtue is emasculated by pleasure. To gratify his follies Peru sends him gold; to minister to his vices, his court furnishes him with devils. He sleeps intoxicated in the paradise his slaves have artfully prepared for him, and while his dream continues his divinity endures. Woe to the madman who shall dare to awaken him—But how must Rodrigo act? Friendship is bold and candid; and feeble majesty cannot endure its unwelcome light. You would never bear with the pride of the subject; nor could I brook the haughtiness of the prince.

Car. Alas! Rodrigo thou hast depicted sovereignty in terrible but faithful colours. Yes, I believe thee. But it is pleasure which opens the hearts of monarchs to vice, and I am yet pure. I have yet seen only three-and-twenty summers. Strength and health which thousands before me have sacrificed to rioting and wantonness, I shall carry with me untainted to the throne. The dart of pleasure broke against this breast long e'er Elizabeth reigned here: and can I then fear it now? O say! what can tear thee from my heart, when even the softer sex has not that power?

Mar. Myself—Can I so truly love thee when I must fear thee?

Car. That shall never be. Hast thou need of me? Hast thou passions which will lead thee to crouch as a beggar before the throne? Does gold delight thee? No—Thou art a richer subject than ever I shall be a king. Dost thou thirst for honour? Thou didst drain that cup while yet a youth. Which

D

of

of us will be creditor, which of us debtor? Thou art silent: thou tremblest before the trial. Canst thou not trust thyself?

Mar. Well then I yield. Here is my hand.

Car. And mine.

Mar. For ever, and in the strictest sense of the contract.

Car. As faithful and ardent as is now the friendship of the heir to the throne shall be that of the future king.

Mar. A like friendship I swear to you.

Car. And if the serpent flattery should twine round my unguarded heart; should these eyes forget to shed the tears to which they have been accustomed; should my ears be shut against petitions, wilt thou, the fearless guardian of my virtue, rouse me from my lethargy, and endeavour to restore me to myself?

Mar. I will.

Car. I have yet to make one more request—Say not, “your highness,” but speak to me familiarly. I have ever envied persons in lower stations the familiar language they use; it is the privilege of confidence. Oh! deceive my ear with loved ideas of equality. Refuse me not: I know thou wilt say that such things are trifles—But to me, the son of a king, they are most important. Wilt thou be my brother?

Mar. Yes, I will be thy brother.

Car. Now let us to the king—I have no more fears—With thy friendship I can defy the fates.

[*Exeunt,*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Madrid. The Royal Palace.*

The KING, under a canopy of state, DUKE ALBA at a little distance—DON CARLOS enters, COUNT LERMA introducing him.

Car. [*Kneels before the king; then getting up, he retires a little backward—Silence prevails for some moments—The prince much moved and surprised, looks one while at the King and then at the Duke.*]

I wait to be informed what time his majesty may be pleased to appoint to hear my petition.

Pbi. Whatever the nature of our son's petition may be, it is our royal determination, that he may now be permitted to prefer it.

Car. Affairs of state should have precedence. Carlos willingly gives way to the minister: he speaks for the interests of Spain—I am the heir of the royal house. [*Retires respectfully.*]

Pbi. The duke may remain in the room and yet our son may mention any thing he has to say.

Car. [*to Alba.*] My lord duke, let me request from your own magnanimity, a private conversation with the king,—A son, you know well, may have occasion to open his heart to his father, about many things in which a third person has no interest. You have ready access to the king at all times. I request it only for a short hour, [*The duke turns to the king, as if uncertain how to act.*]

Pbi. Alba is your father's friend.

Car. Does it certainly follow that he is mine ?

Phi. Why not ?—I am not fond of sons who are fitter to select their friends than their fathers.

Car. Can the high spirited duke of Alba support this scene ? By heaven ! a crown should not tempt me meanly to step between father and son ; would you not blush to intrude on the hallowed mysteries of nature with unfeeling callousness ?

Phi. [*Rising from his seat, and looking displeased at the prince.*] Alba, retire. [*Alba retires towards the principal door by which Carlos entered ; but the king signs to him to return, and points to another door.*] No ; go to that closet, till I call for you.

SCENE II. KING and DON CARLOS.

Car. [*Advances to the king immediately on the duke leaving the apartment, and prostrates himself before him, expressing the greatest emotion.*] My father ! for now you are again, my father ! My heart swells with gratitude for this favour !—Reach me your hand, O my father—What a delicious day !—The transports of this kiss your son has long been deprived of—Why ? Oh ! why is it so ? The wounds which have lacerated my soul bleed afresh at the thought ! Why have you so long banished me from your heart ? What is my trespass ? O vile suspicion ! perpetually dost thou corrode the hearts of kings, and loose the strong ties of sacred nature ! Can it be ! For three-and-twenty years the world has called me Philip's son, yet my father seems ignorant that he is so.

Phi. Carlos, you are a stranger to these arts—do not practise them ; I need them not.

Car. [*Rising.*] And is this my answer ? In it I discover

discover your court sycophants. Alas, my father! all you hear is not true, by heavens it is not! do not believe all a priest may say, or the creatures of a priest. I am not wicked: the heat of my blood is my only fault, my youth, my only crime. My heart beats with violent emotions, but it is naturally good and uncorrupted.

Phi. I know your heart is pure, as your prayer.

Car. If I mean to deceive, may the Redeemer of the world thrust me from his presence. My soul burns with an ardent confidence. Now, if ever, must be the time. We are by ourselves. State shackles and ceremonies are fallen off, and a ray of hope, of delicious expectation, breaks in upon my soul—Methinks the angels above, the blessed powers which surround the throne of heaven, behold with attention and delight this important scene. Oh, my father!—Be reconciled to me!
[Falls again at his feet.]

Phi. Rise, and leave me.

Car. Be reconciled to me!

Phi. [Endeavouring to lose himself.] This buffoonery is too daring.

Car. Daring! The regard of your son too daring?

Phi. What! your eyes in tears! Contemptible! away!

Car. This day, if ever—I ask reconciliation, my father!

Phi. Out of my sight—Return from the wars covered with dust and wounds, then will my arms be open to receive you—But thus, I spurn thee from me. [Pushes him away.] Cowardice and guilt only wash themselves in such shameful foun-

tains. He who blushes not to repent, will not hesitate to do what needs repentance.

Car. [*Looking at the king for some time with mingled fear and surprise.*] By what strange mistake has this alien from human nature been mingled with mankind? Tears are the cement of humanity. His eye is dry; sure he was not born of woman. He is a stranger to the sweet transport of weeping, which can extract pleasure even from torture, make misery enviable, exalt men to heaven, and bring down angels to earth. Oh! cause those yet unmoistened eyes to shed tears, ere some dismal hour arrives when you may need them.

Phi. Do you think to dispel the serious suspicions of your father by flimsy speeches?

Car. Suspicion! I will eradicate these suspicions—I will forcibly appeal to your own heart till they exist no more. Who are they who have stept between me and the favour of my king? What has the monk given you in return for your son? What does Alba promise you as equivalent to a childless deserted life—Do you wish to be beloved? Here, in this heart then is a spring of love, more fresh, and ardent, than you can ever find in the muddy stagnant cisterns which Philip's gold must first open.

Phi. Cease this rashness. Those men you would stigmatise are my chosen, tried servants; the very supporters of my throne; and would you, presumptuous youth! would you impeach their honour?

Car. Add no more of this! I feel my own powers. What service can Alba render, which Carlos can not, and more? How little does the hireling value that kingdom which never shall be his? What is it to him, that the grey hairs of Philip turn white.

His

he- His king lives, though Philip is gone; and his
gold will still be current—Your son loves you—
min- Alas! much would I dislike to sit alone and friend-
ake less on the throne.

with Phi. [*Seemingly struck by these words, continues*
His some time silent and thoughtful:] I am indeed a-
He lone.

ing, Car. [*Advancing to him with animation and*
ake warmth.] You have been alone; but hate me not,
ring and it shall be so no more; I will love you as your
un- son; I will love you affectionately; but do not
hour hate me longer. Oh, how rapturous to know that
ions we are respected by a generous heart; that our
joys animate other countenances; that our suffer-
ings moisten other eyes! How elevated! how de-
lightful! hand in hand with a darling son to tread
again the rosy paths of youth, and dream once more
the dream of life! How delicious the thought, that
in the virtues of our posterity our benevolence may
be transmitted to future ages! and we, shine forth
in our own sons as the luminary of day again arises
on the earth reflected by the mirror of night! How
pleasant to plant what a beloved son may reap; to
collect what he shall use, and preconceive the warm
effusions of his grateful heart! Oh! this is an earth-
ly paradise, of which your monks very prudently
kept you ignorant.

ump- Phi. [*Greatly moved.*] O Carlos, my son, thou
r? pronouncest thy own doom. How delightfully dost
pow- thou depict that happiness you never will bestow
arlos on me.

eling Car. I appeal to the Almighty—It is yourself,
What yourself alone, who have denied me to approach
hite the permission throne, and refused me all share in
Hi

a father's heart, until now, until this day. Was that kindly done! Was it equitable? I who am the heir to the throne of Spain, am a stranger in Spain; you keep me a prisoner where I am one day to be a sovereign. Is this just; is it kind?—Alas! often have I blushed to think that the ambassadors of foreign princes, or the common gazettes of the day, should bring me at Aranjuez the first intelligence of what is passing at the court! On such occasions, I would say, jestingly, but with a heavy heart, “The king keeps his son at this distance “from public affairs, that when he ascends the throne “his pleasure may be increased by surprise.”

Phi. [*Looking at him earnestly.*] Carlos, you very frequently mention that time when I shall be no more.

Car. I do not, by him who made us both; I only speak of that time, when I shall be a man. If they are the same time, where lies the blame.

Phi. Is it an honourable office, my son, which thou hast assumed—carefully to number thy father's hours? Is this thy thanks to him who gave thee being, to remind him constantly of the hour of his death?

Car. [*Warmly interrupting him.*] Give me employment, father! and may your reign last till the final doom of mankind.

Phi. Learn more experience. Your blood as yet flies too rapidly through your veins. You would only do harm.

Car. My blood indeed flies rapidly! I have been three-and-twenty years king Philip's son, and have had no trust committed to me either to build or to destroy. My succession to the throne awakens me
from

from my slumber like a rigid creditor ; and all my lost hours of youth call aloud on me. The hour is come when this great debt of honour should be paid with interest. The future page of history, the glory of my ancestors, and the thundering trumpet of fame, all call upon me. The hour is come when I should contend for the palm of glory—Gracious sovereign, may I now present the petition which brought me to your feet.

Phi. Still another petition ? What is it ?

Car. The disturbances in Brabant increase, and daily become more threatening. The obstinacy of the rebels requires a firm and prudent resistance. Duke Alba, I understand, invested with full and sovereign powers from you, conducts an army into Flanders to vanquish their frenzy. How honourable is this command ! and on whom can it be more suitably conferred than on the son of Philip, the grandson of the great emperor himself ? Entrust me with the command of this army ; the people of the Netherlands love me ; and I will pledge my own life for their return to their fidelity.

Phi. You talk extravagantly. This trust requires a man ; not a raw giddy boy.

Car. Yes, it does require a man, father ; and whatever Alba now is, that he never hitherto was.

Phi. Terror can alone subdue this rebellion ; ill-tempered pity is folly. Your heart is feeble, my son ; the Duke will be feared. Do not insist on your petition.

Car. Entrust me with the army to Flanders. For once confide in my feeble soul. The very name of the king's son, which will go before my banners, shall subdue, where Alba's executioners would only

ly destroy. On my knees I beseech you. It is my first request. Put Flanders under my government.

Phi. [*After pausing long, and having examined Carlos with a piercing look.*] Commit at the same time my choicest army to your ambition; the dagger in the hand of my murderer!

Car. [*Retiring in the utmost emotion.*] O God of heaven! and is this, is this the fruit of this long fought, this promising opportunity! [*After a short pause and with milder earnestness.*] Do not answer me so harshly. Send me not from you in this manner. Dismiss me not with this cruel answer, nor with this o'er loaded heart. O answer me less harshly. Do something to awaken my filial duty, and bind me eternally your debtor. O! use me more graciously. It is my last request, and uttered in despair; imperious necessity compels me to it. By gratitude alone you can preserve my virtue.

Phi. [*Interrupting him roughly, and in an imperious manner.*] Your virtue!

Car. [*Starting.*] Good heavens! What said I? My father, I have nearly been deprived of my reason; nor can I support it as a man should do; that you should thus constantly deny me every thing yes, every thing I can ask. I shall even now leave your presence unheard; frustrated in a thousand pleasing expectations which I had formed; while your Alba, and your Domingo, will exult and triumph, where your son wept and solicited in vain. The swarm of courtiers, fawning nobles, and the tribe of pale monks, saw that you granted me an audience. O my father! Do not, inflict so deadly a wound on me, so terrible disgrace, as to ex-

It is those me to their insults? O let it never be said, that while strangers bask in your favour, your son can obtain nothing from you. As an earnest that you intend to honour me, entrust me with the army to Flanders.

Phi. Do not repeat that request again, if you regard my displeasure.

Car. I will venture even to dare that anger, and for the last time again request you to entrust me with the government of Flanders. I must, and will leave Spain. A distemper which none suspect, rattles within me. While I live here, I am as on the rack. The very air of Madrid is as intolerable to me as conscience to the murderer. An instant change of climate can alone effect my cure. Send me away to Flanders immediately.

Phi. [*Still calm.*] Distempers like yours, my son, require careful treatment, and to be always under the eye of the physician. You must remain in Spain. Alba goes to Flanders.

Car. [*almost frantic.*] Good spirits, defend me.

Phi. (*Retreating backward.*) What do those extravagant gestures mean?

Car. (*His voice faltering.*) My father, is your resolution irrevocable?

Phi. It is the resolution of the king.

Car. I have done. (*Makes a low bow and is retiring.*)

Phi. (*Looking stedfastly at him for some time, without speaking, then calls him back.*) Carlos, his silent departure is not submission.

Car. No.

Phi. No?

Car. I just now imagined I saw the emperor's testament,

your father, smoking on a pile.

Phi. (*Starting.*) Ha! What mean you by that?

Car. So great a man! So compleat an emperor and shall such an insect as I complain!—I received but he gave—and how infinitely deficient am I to be such a son as he was a father! (*Exit.*)

Phi. (*Hiding his face, and striking his breast.*) Too heavy, O God, thy hand lies on me.—My son—Oh, my son!

SCENE III. *PHILIP remains some time in silent thought: at length he begins to walk about in the apartment. The Duke advances much embarrassed.*

Phi. You may expect orders to set out for Brussels every hour.

Al. I am quite ready, your majesty.

Phi. Your powers which are very full are already sealed in the cabinet. Meanwhile take your leave of the queen and the prince.

Al. It was but now I saw his highness leave the apartment, with the air and appearance of one deranged. Your majesty appears also greatly disturbed; perhaps with the conversation which has just now passed?

Phi. (*Walks about some time.*) Duke Alba, the subject was—(*Looks steadily on the duke.*) But be not apprehensive, my lord, my first opinion of you shall never alter. (*The duke seems thoughtful, and the king observes him attentively.*) Carlos is not your friend.

Al. I am honoured to share the same fate with my king.

Phi. [*Sternly.*] I was not aware that I shared

any thing with duke Alba. I can bear the thought that Carlos hates my counsellors; but it gives me concern to learn that he despises them.

Al. (Reddens and offers to withdraw.)

Phi. No answer at present. I advise you to be reconciled to the prince.

Al. Sire, I am a knight and a soldier.

Phi. The prince is the son of your king; which of you then should first make concessions to the other it is not difficult to decide—Who first hinted to me the designs of my son? I then heard you and not him. I will put it to the proof, my lord. In future Carlos shall be nearer the throne.—Go—
(*The king retires to the closet; the duke by another door.*)

SCENE IV. *An anti-chamber near the queen's apartment.*

DON CARLOS, enters by the middle door, conversing with a Page. The courtiers as he approaches retire into the adjoining chambers.

Car. A letter, said you, to me?—And for what end this key?—Both delivered so privately!—Come near—From whom did you receive them?

Page. [*archly.*] As near as I can judge, the lady would rather you guess, than I tell.

Car. [*Retreating.*] The lady! [*Looking anxiously at the page.*] How!—What!—Who are you?

Page. A page, in the queen's service.

Car. [*Starting, advances to him, and puts his hand on his mouth.*] Silence—otherwise thou diest—Hush—I know enough.

[*He tears off the seal quickly, and retires to the upper end of the room to read the letter. Meantime the*

duke of Alba comes, and passes unobserved by the prince, into the queen's apartment. Carlos trembles, and changes colour repeatedly. After reading the letter, he continues for some time silent, with his eyes fixed on it. At last he turns round to the page.]

Did she give you this letter herself?

Page. With her own hands.

Car. With her own hands she gave you this letter!—Do not jest with me!—I do not know her writing. I believe thee, if you will swear. If it is false, confess so candidly, but do not attempt to jest with me.

Page. Jest with you!

Car. [*Looks first at the letter, then at the page, in a doubtful and anxious manner; then walks about the apartment.*] Are your parents alive? Yes? Your father, you say is in the service, and is a native of this country?

Page. He was killed at the battle of St Quentin. He was a colonel of cavalry under the duke of Savoy. His name was Alonzo Count de Henarez.

Car. [*Taking him by the band, and looking steadily on him.*] The king gave you this letter?

Page. [*Affected.*] My gracious prince, how have I merited this suspicion?

Car. Can you weep? Oh, then excuse me. [*He reads the letter.*] “This key opens the back-
“apartment in the queen's pavilion, which leads
“to a closet where the foot of no listener dares ap-
“proach. There love may openly confess what has
“been hitherto only communicated by signs, mo-
“desty prefer her petition, and discreet patience re-
“ceive its due reward.” E.

[*As waking from a reverie.*] Sure I do not dream

—I

—I am not delirious—This is my sword—and these are legible characters. All is truth and reality—I am, I am indeed beloved—I am the happiest of mortals in the unmeasurable expanse, so filled with life—I am, I am beloved. [*Strides about the apartment, lifting his arms to heaven in frantic joy.*] Oh! Almighty Creator! why am I not sovereign of thy creation, that I might communicate my happiness to all around me!

Page. Will your highness come? I will lead you.

Car. First let me recal my reason—My limbs still tremble with this immense, this awful happiness—Did I ever indulge so proud a hope?—Did I ever dare even to dream it?—Where is the hero who can so soon become at once a god?—What was I?—what am I now?—This is doubtless another heaven and another sun; not those I formerly saw—This cannot be that world in which tears flow—No: it was merely a feverish dream; it is over; and I am awake—She loves me—O let me publish to all about me, to Madrid, to the court, to all the kingdom, my boundless happiness. [*Going.*]

Page. Where are you going?—To whom would you tell?—You forget—

Car. [*Starts suddenly, and gazes on him.*] The king, my father! [*His arms drop; he looks suspiciously about, and begins to recollect himself.*]—This is dreadful—Yes; you are in the right, Page, I thank you; I was not in my cool sense—I must be silent, and conceal such happiness in my own bosom, that—that—is fearful—Hidden gold, it is said, must be dug up with the silence of the grave—I will not, therefore, breathe. [*Takes the page by the hand,*

band, and walks by his side.] What you have seen to-day—hear me—and what you have not seen, must be locked up in thy breast as in a coffin—Now, away—I will find the way.—Go—we must not be seen here together.—*[The page is going.]* Yet stay, hear me. *[The page returns. Carlos puts one hand on his shoulder, and looks in his face very earnestly and sternly.]* Thou art acquainted with a dreadful secret, which, like violent poison, may burst the vessel which contains it—Do not carry it too near the throne; nor yet too near the eagle eye of faintly indolence. Keep a strict guard on thy looks and motions; nor let thy head ask what thy bosom conceals. Be like the lifeless instrument, which receives and renders the sound it hears not itself—You are a boy—continue such; and play and sport as usual. Prudently did the fair writer of this letter choose a messenger of love! The king will suspect no deceit in thee.

Page. And I, your Highness, will be proud of knowing a secret which even the king himself is ignorant of.

Car. Vain, simple youth! At that thought thou shouldst rather tremble.—If we ever meet in public, approach me modestly, and with fear. Never let thy vanity overcome thee so far as to make you boast how graciously the Prince behaves to you; you can never transgress more grievously than by familiarity—If thou shouldest hereafter be the bearer of any message, utter it not in syllables, trust it not to thy lips, nor the common passages of thought; seek me, as the chased murderer flies, through trackless wilds, where none shall mark thy footsteps. Speak to me in your glances;—with your fingers;—

I will mark thee with my eyes. The very air, the light around us are Philip's creatures; the deaf walls he keeps in his pay.—Somebody approaches—[*Enter the duke of Alba, from the Queen's apartment.*] Begone! Quick—away!

Page. Your Highness will not mistake the chamber?

Car. It is the duke himself!—No, no—All is well.

SCENE V. CARLOS, DUKE ALBA.

Al. [*Meeting the prince.*] Two words with your highness.

Car. Yes, very well!—Any other time. [*Going.*]

Al. The place, indeed, seems not to be the properest. Perhaps your royal highness may be pleased to permit me an audience in your chamber?

Car. Why?—That may be done here—only make haste—be brief.

Al. What chiefly brings me here, is most humbly to thank your royal highness for your favours.

Car. Thanks—Thanks to me!—For what favours?—Thanks from duke Alba!

Al. You scarcely had quitted the apartment of our sovereign, when he notified to me that I was to go to Brussels.

Car. To Brussels!—So!

Al. To what, prince, can I impute this distinguished honour, but to your gracious application in my behalf?

Car. My application! It certainly was not—Most assuredly not—You are going are you?—Go, in God's name.

Al. Nothing more ? This much surprises me !—Has your highness nothing to give me in charge relative to Flanders ?

Car. Why should I have any charge for you ?

Al. It is not long since it was supposed that those countries needed the presence of Carlos himself.

Car. How so ?—But it is all right—It would have been well—perhaps better.

Al. I learn with surprise—

Car. You are a distinguished general—all men know that ?—Envy herself swears it—while I—I am a stripling—The king thinks so—and the king thinks right—Most certainly right. I am convinced and I am satisfied : therefore enough of this subject.—Success to you—I cannot now, as you observe—I am so completely occupied—We will defer other matters till to-morrow—or any other time—perhaps till you return from Brussels.

Al. How ? That may be several years hence.

Car. Well—fare you well even for that time. [*Perceiving the duke still remains.*] You have chosen a good season of the year—Your road lies by Milan, Lorrain, Burgandy, and Germany—Germany ? Yes—There you are no stranger—Let me see—This is April—May—June—In July, or at farthest the beginning of August, you will get to Brussels—I have no doubt we shall soon hear of your victories. You will shew yourself entitled to the confidence so graciously placed in you.

Al. In monarchs crowns pearls only sparkle : we do not see there the wounds by which they have been gained.—The soldier's victories are the soft pillows on which kings sleep.—This sword has imposed the Spanish laws on foreign nations, and been

un-

unsheathed in defence of our holy faith—God judges in heaven, I on earth.

Car. A very god or devil—You are the right arm of the king, I know it well. No more of this, I beseech you; I wish to avoid certain recollections, and pay respect to my father's choice. He employs an Alba. I do not envy him. You are a distinguished general, I am willing to believe it; but I must think you appear some centuries too soon. An Alba, I think, should appear when the scene of the world is drawing to a close; when gigantic vice has exhausted the patience of heaven, and the thick harvest of crimes stands prepared for the sickle, and needs a merciless reaper—O God! my very paradise, my Flanders!—But let me not think of it—Let us speak of it no more.

Alba. To sacrifice the lives of men to the good of mankind, is greater mercy, my prince, than weakly to love men to the injury of mankind. Heaven itself has furnished the example. To purify the globe, one world was devoted to destruction. The pestilence—

Car. The pestilence is a proper symbol for you; I know it: it is the leading image in Alba's life, and in my father's reign.—I hear that you are to carry along with you a number of death warrants ready signed!—Your precaution in making this provision is praise-worthy: there will then be no danger from artifice—O my father! how little did I understand your meaning! I blamed thee foolishly for denying me an office for which thy Alba is qualified to shine! Your refusal was a proof of thy esteem.

Alba. Prince, these words merit——

Car.

Car. What ?

Al. What you're being prince protects you from—

Car. [*Drawing his sword*] This demands blood—
—The sword is drawn Alba !

Alba. [*Coolly.*] Against whom ?

Car. (*Pressing hard on him.*) I have unsheathed the sword ; and against thee.

Alba. (*Draws.*) Nay, since it must be so. (*They fight.*)

SCENE VI.--*The QUEEN, DON CARLOS, DUKE ALBA,*

Queen. (*Rushing from her apartment, in haste, and terrified.*) Naked swords ! (*Addressing the prince, angrily, and with a voice and air of authority.*) Carlos !

Car. (*When the queen appears, he drops his sword, and stands for a little motionless, and seemingly deprived of sense ; he then runs to the duke and embraces him.*) Reconciliation, my lord : let us forget all ! (*Throws himself at the queen's feet without uttering a word ; then suddenly starting up, he rushes wildly out.*)

Al. (*Much astonished.*) By heavens ! this is very strange.

Queen. (*Stands a little perplexed and doubtful, then walks slowly to her apartment, at the door of which she turns about.*) Duke Alba ! (*The duke retires with her to her apartment.*)

SCENE VII. *An apartment of the Princess Eboli.*

The PRINCESS in an elegant but simple fancy-dress, singing, accompanied by her lute. To her enters the QUEEN'S PAGE.

Prin. [*Rising quickly.*] He comes !

Page.

Page. [*Hastily.*] Are you by yourself?

Prin. He comes! I hear it in the very sound of your feet, in the tone of your voice!

Page. I am amazed he is not yet here; but he must come soon.

Prin. Must he? Then he *will* come; that is clear.

Page. He followed me immediately—Gracious princess how he loves you; none are, or have been beloved like you! What a scene have I beheld!

Prin. [*Pulling him with impatience.*] Quick! Did you converse with him? Tell me! What said he? What were his words? Was he confused or surprized? Did he conjecture who had sent him the key? Tell me quickly. Did he guess or not? Did he guess right? Why don't you answer—Fie on you! I never saw you so dull; so insupportably so as now.

Page. How can I speak, my lady, when you will not permit me?—I gave him the key and the letter in the anti-chamber of the queen. He appeared struck, and looked earnestly at me, when I said that a lady had sent me.

Prin. He appeared struck?—Very well!—excellent!—proceed!

Page. He was about to speak, but turned pale, and snatched the letter out of my hand, looked sternly at me, and said, he knew all. He read over the letter with great emotion and trembling.

Prin. He knew all!—He knew all!—Said he?

Page. Yes;—and enquired three or four times whether she had given me the letter with her own hands?

Prin.

Prin. Whether I had myself given you the letter? Did he mention my name?

Page. Your name?—No—he did not.—He said there were spies and listners about us who would inform the king.

Prin. (Surprized.) Said he so?

Page. It would be of the worst consequence, he said, did the king know of this letter.

Prin. The king! Are you sure you heard him rightly? Did he say the king?

Page. Yes; he told me it was a dangerous secret, and cautioned me, both as to words and appearances, to be careful and on my guard, lest the king should suspect.

Prin. (Deliberating some time with great surprise.) Every thing agrees—It must be so—He must know it—Yet I cannot conceive—Who can have told him?—Who?—Why ask that question—What eye so penetrating as the eagle-eye of love?—But proceed—He read the letter you say—

Page. That letter, he said, conveyed happiness to him, and bliss, which made him tremble; which he would not have ventured even to dream—He then talked of the key—But unfortunately the Duke entered the anti-chamber and obliged us—

Prin. (Peevishly.) What could the Duke be at out there?—But the key? What said he about the key? Be not too hasty; tell me every circumstance, good Henarez—I never saw you in such a great hurry—He said—What said he of the key?

Page. He called it the key of Paradise.

Prin. Why does he stay then?—Why this delay?—Why not come?—See how false these men are!—How happy might he not have been in the
very

every time you have spent in telling me he wished to be so!

Page. The duke, I doubt——

Prin. Duke again—Why was he there? What was the warrior to do to disturb my calm happiness?—Alas! I doubt, I fear your prince knows little of love as he does of ladies hearts! He knows not how precious minutes are.

Page. Princess, you blame an angel.

Prin. (*A blush of joy on her countenance.*) Young story-teller! who said to you he was an angel?

Page. (*Animated.*) So excellent! so great! so good! What a pity he should be a king! He should have been a brother.

Prin. (*Turning away, wipes her eyes, warmly pressing the hand of the page—After a pause.*) You remind me that I am indebted to my dear messenger, the wages of his errand. (*She takes a sword-belt set with diamonds off the table and presents it to him.*) By this, good youth, you shall recollect me when you first gird on your sword.

Page. (*Retiring disappointed.*) Can it be thus a happy lady repays me! Does my message deserve no better return than this—fie, fie!—Even now, so short a space, before the triumph of love—shall I be satisfied with paltry diamonds—I who have observed acknowledged, ardent love tinge your cheeks, and know for whom this treasure is appointed; will such trash satisfy me!

Prin. Away, I hear some person coming! Away! It is the prince himself. (*Exit the Page.*) Now for my lute! He will take me by surprise. Music shall be the signal.

SCENE

SCENE VIII. *Princess EBOLI throws herself on a sofa, playing on her lute. Soon after DON CARLOS enters, who, seeing the princess, stands in the utmost astonishment.*

Car. Good heavens ! Where am I ?

Prin. *(the lute falls, she rises to meet him.)* Ah prince Carlos ! Yes, it is indeed so !

Car. *[much perplexed]* Where am I ?—The mistake of a madman !—I have entered the wrong closet.

Prin. Carlos knows well how to find the chamber where ladies are alone.

Car. *[in great confusion.]* Princess—Your pardon, princess—I—I found the anti-chamber open.

Prin. *[archly]* That is impossible ? I myself locked it.

Car. You may imagine you did—You may think so ; but I assure you, you are mistaken—It was shut, I confess I believe it was—but not locked ; positively not locked. The outer bolt, that—I mean, the inner—that I grant was fastened.

Prin. If the inner bolt was fast, how came you in ? You are surely caught now ; the art by which that could be accomplished I have yet to learn.

Car. Oh ! there is nothing more simple—fortunately—or rather unfortunately—I had a key which exactly fitted it—By accident I came hither—I heard some one playing on the lute—'Twas the lute I think ? *[Looking round him uncertainly.]* Yes, yes, there it is—Now the sound of the lute—heaven is my judge—I dote on to a degree of madness—I was all ear ; and not thinking whither I went, or what I was about—I burst into the apart-

ment

ment to see the sweet musician whose angelic strains so enchanted me.

Prin. [*having in vain attempted to meet his eyes as he throws them around the chamber.*] A very amiable curiosity, which, however, it seems was soon satisfied. [*Pausing significantly.*] Oh! how much should the prudent man be valued, who, to spare a lady's blushes, will devise so many fictions!

Car. Princess, I feel that I only make worse what I thus attempt to amend. I shall no longer act a part for which I am unfit. You, no doubt, seek in this place retirement from the world. Here, undisturb'd by men, you indulge the calm wishes of your soul. I, the child of misfortune, abruptly broke in upon you, and awoke you from your pleasing dream—My speedy departure therefore—[*Going.*]

Prin. [*Surprized and in confusion; but speedily recovering herself.*] Prince—that would indeed be malicious.—

Car. Princess—I know what that look must convey in this closet, and respect this virtuous confusion—Shame on the man whom female blushes make bold. It disarms me when women fear me.

Prin. Can it be possible! Unexampled conscience in a young man and the son of a king too! Yes, prince—Now must you remain a little with me. I myself request it. Such matchless virtue must disarm every maiden fear. There is not one among a thousand would act so when tempted by a key, which, fortunately, fitted so exactly—But enough of this; let us not throw away the precious moments which accident has given us—do not you say the same, prince!—in an idle war of words—Do

F

you

you know your sudden entrance interrupted me in the middle of my favourite air. [*Conducting him to the sofa, and taking up the lute.*] I must play it again, prince Carlos, and shall punish you by compelling you to listen to me.

Car. [*Sitting down, rather constrainedly, by the side of the princess.*] This punishment will not be less pleasing than the offence. Indeed, the subject was so pleasant, and so exquisitely fine, that I could listen to it even a third time.

Prin. What! So you have overheard all? That is not fair, prince! the subject, I think, was love.

Car. And if I am not deceived, happy love, a delightful subject from so charming lips; but not so true as charming.

Prin. How! not so true! Can you then question?

Car. I very much suspect that Carlos and the princess Eboli will never understand one another when love is the subject. [*The princess looks confused, he observes it, and proceeds with an air of gallantry.*] For who is he who can look on those rosy cheeks, and suppose that passion could disquiet the breast? Can the princess Eboli ever sigh in vain and unheard? Those only know what love is, who love without hope.

Prin. [*With all her usual vivacity*] Nay, nay! These words are alarming. That fate which you speak of seems to persecute you. [*Taking his hand with an air of tender anxiety.*] You are melancholy; you appear unhappy. Can it be possible that you should suffer? You on whom nature has profusely lavished all her best gifts; for whom she has prepared all the pleasures of life: you, the son of a mighty king; and more, still more than that, you

whose

whose noble accomplishments exceed the splendour of your rank ; you in whose behalf all women, the proper and legitimate judges of the worth and glory of men, decisively decide ; you who with one glance can conquer and inflame the female heart ; whose smiles can confer the joys of paradise and bliss of gods—Can you be uneasy!—O, heaven ! In lavishing on him thy choicest gifts, why refuse him eyes to know his own conquests ?

Car. [Continues sunk in a deep reverie during all this speech. When the princess pauses, he appears to recover his recollection suddenly.] Excellent ! incomparable!—Princess, do sing that passage again to me ?

Prin. [Looking at him with the utmost surprise.] Carlos ! What can this mean ! Whither does your fancy wander ?

Car. [Starting] You are right, by heavens ! You remind me opportunely—I must be gone ; instantly gone.

Prin. [Holding him.] Whither ?

Car. [Anxiously agitated.] You know whither—No, no, no, that you know not. But I must leave this—Let me away, princess, I can remain no longer.

Prin. [Keeping him forcibly.] What can be the matter with you ? What is the cause of this strange extravagant behaviour ? *[Carlos stops, and stands in deep thought. She takes the opportunity to lead him back to the sofa.]* My dear Carlos, you need rest ; your blood is in strange commotion. Sit down beside me. Banish these gloomy feverish chimeras. Coolly ask yourself, Does my head know what pains my heart ? If it should know ; can none of

of the many knights of this splendid court—none of all its beauties furnish the cure?—Is there none of them worthy?

Car. Perhaps, the princess Eboli.

Prin. [*Hastily and with joy.*] Indeed!

Car. Favour me with a petition by way of letter of recommendation to my father. They say you have great influence with him.

Prin. Who says so?—So, then, it was jealousy which made him silent. [*Aside.*]

Car. You have probably already heard that I have an ardent inclination to go to Brabant—Merely to brandish my sword. The king will not permit me. A fond father, he doubts that if I command the army, I may come to some harm.

Prin. Carlos! This will not do. Acknowledge the truth, you wish to escape from me by these artifices. Come at once to the proof, dissembler; will the man who is alone intent on deeds of valour and glory,—will he stoop to snatch ribbons from ladies, and—pardon me—(*With a gentle motion of her finger she opens his bosom, and takes out a ribbon concealed there*) keep them in his breast as precious?

Car. (*Stepping back in much surprise.*) Princess! This was not well done—I am betrayed. This is surely witchcraft.

Prin. Does this surprise?—What shall be the bett that I do not remind you of incidents which have vanished from your mind like dreams, a half word, a significant smile followed by sudden seriousness; the mere playing with a feather, thoughtlessly tearing of a flower, or catching a fly; every motion, every action when you appeared in deep reverie

reverie? Judge, then, whether I do not know as much, perhaps more, than you wished I should do.

Car. This is, in truth, a bold pretension; to discover in my heart, what I am myself ignorant—

Prin. Recollect a little. Look around you; this is not one of the queen's closets, where she has her masquerades. So, do you blush? Oh! it is very strange indeed, that any one should notice prince Carlos, when he supposes himself unobserved! No body, I presume, noticed him when, at the last court ball, he left the queen his partner, to push himself into the next set, and take the hand of the princess Eboli. If you imagine so, prince, you are deceived; for the king, who then entered, observed it.

Car. [*Ironically smiling.*] That *he* should observe it, I believe *you* will acknowledge was not very extraordinary.

Prin. Come, come, have I not observed you even when at your devotions, when certain ladies have entered—have I not observed you give most evident proofs that your mind was not fixed on heaven only?

Car. Mere court scandal.

Prin. Do you suppose I never witnessed your gallantries, when at the card-table with the queen and myself?

Car. Such notions may float in my mind for an instant, but soon they are no more thought of. Let us mention them no more.

Prin. [*Turns from him with an air of surprise, and observes him for some time at a distance.*] It is most strange! All my arts fail, and all my schemes are fruitless. [*Keeps silence for some seconds.*] But

may not all this proceed merely from his caprice and pride? May he not put on the mask of modesty and coldness to make his triumph the greater, and increase his pleasure? [*Advancing to the prince again, and observing him with an enquiring eye.*] Act honestly towards me, prince. I cannot tell how to unravel this perplexed knot.

Car. Nor I. [*A pause.*]

Prin. [*Breaks from him suddenly, and walks about the room for some time without speaking, as if thinking deeply on something of great importance: then addresses him earnestly, and much agitated.*] I will tell all.—I must at last determine to speak. I have chosen you for my judge. You are of noble birth and mind; a prince and a knight. I hasten to you to protect and save me; if that is impossible, to sympathize with me in my sufferings. [*The prince draws near her with attention and surprise.*] An arrogant favourite of the king solicits my hand—Rui Gomez, Count de Silva; the king has agreed, the bargain is concluded, and I am sold.

Car. [*Quickly.*] Sold! What, are there more of these accursed sales! and the bargain conducted by the same dealer! Do not mention it to me. You touch the nerve where I feel most exquisitely.

Prin. Hear me, I beseech you! Not sufficient that I should be sacrificed to political scheme; attacks were made on my innocence and honour. I have been persecuted with the vile passion of the greatest of libertines—Here is a letter will unmask this pretended saint. [*Carlos takes the letter, but turns impatiently to the princess, and does not read it.*] Where shall I now find protection? My pride long defended my virtue; but at length——

Car.

Car. At length you fell? You fell?—But, O no! Just heavens! No.

Prin. [*With dignity.*] Fell!—By whom? How mean the conclusions of your haughty sex. Love is the only valuable commodity under the wide canopy of heaven, which can only be bartered for itself. Love alone can purchase love. It is the invaluable jewel which must be given, or be broken and destroyed. So on the Rialto, once, the rich merchant, despising the poor spirit of kings and potentates, threw into the sea his rich and spotless pearls, rather than sell them under value.

Car. [*Aside.*] By all that's excellent!—a wonderful woman!

Prin. The prudent world may call it whim or vanity, but to the man whom I choose will I give myself undivided and eternally. The delightful communication of souls, the magic of celestial love, shall be entirely his. Never shall I degrade the majesty of my sex; nor deface the choicest work of the Creator.

Car. (*Aside.*) Impossible! Such a woman in Madrid, and till now I knew her not!

Prin. I would have long since left this court, even this world, and sequestered myself within holy walls, but that one tie still remains, a tie which all-powerfully binds me to the world;—it may be a phantom, but it is most dear to me—I love, yet am—not beloved.

Car. (*Advancing to her with ardour.*) You are beloved! as there is a God above you are—I swear you are; and inexpressibly so!

Prin. You! Will you swear it? Oh, that was
my

my angel's voice indeed—Yes; if you swear it, my Carlos, then I will believe it—then I am beloved!

Car. (*Throwing his arms around her with great tenderness.*) Beloved child of sensibility! adorable woman—I am all ear, all eye, all ravishment, all admiration. Who that has once seen thee, who under heaven has once seen thee, and can say, he has not loved?—But in this place, at the court of king Philip, what, beautiful angel, what dost thou here; among priests and priestcraft? This is not a climate for such a flower.—May it not be plucked?—Yes, it surely may—But, no; while I live, it shall not—I will cast my arms around thee, and conduct thee safely through the infernal regions, bidding defiance to all their fiends—I will be thy angel.

Prin. (*With a look of the most ardent love.*) O Carlos! How little have I indeed known thee! How richly, how profusely, does your noble heart reward the trouble of obtaining it. [*Takes his hand and attempts to kiss it.*]

Car. What does this mean princess? (*Retiring.*)

Prin. (*Tenderly, and holding his hand.*) How beautiful and rich, is this hand! It has two most valuable gifts in its power to bestow—a crown, and Carlos' heart—and both, probably to one woman!—A god-like gift!—too great for a mortal!—What, say you prince, to divide them?—Queens know little of love; and a woman who truly loves understands as little of royalty. Surely it would be better to divide them. But perhaps, it is already done—You have given your heart?—Do I know the happy fair one?

Car. Yes; reveal my secret to you I will: in
your

your pure and innocent bosom I will reveal it. You are the first, the only woman at this court to whom my heart has been disclosed—Yes—I confess it—I love——

Prin. Perfidious man ! Has it been so hard a task to extort this confession ! Am I only to learn that you consider me deserving love to feel how much more I deserve pity ?

Car. (astonished.) How ! What do you mean ?

Prin. To treat me, with studied insult ! Truly, prince, it was not handsomely done to deny the key.

Car. The key ! The key ! *(pausing thoughtfully.)* Yes—It must be so—Now I perceive—O heavens ! *(Is ready to sink, leans against a chair, and covers his face.)*

Prin. *[In great heat, after a long silence.]* This is intolerable ! What have I done !

Car. *[Rising again, and violently moved.]* Secluded from the heaven of my joys, and plunged to such a deep—O fearful !

Prin. *[Hiding her face from shame.]* What is this I have discovered !—Gracious heaven !

Car. *[Falling at her feet.]* I am not to blame, princess—Love—an unfortunate mistake—As heaven is my judge, I am not to blame.

Prin. *[pushing him away.]* Hence from my sight, in God's name !

Car. No, never, never will I leave you in this agitated situation.

Prin. *[pushing him away forcibly.]* Be generous, in kindness, leave me ! Would you kill me ? I cannot bear to see you ! *[Carlos going.]* Yet
—return

—return me first my letter and key—And—the other letter?

Car. Other letter? What other letter?

Prin. That from the king.

Car. [*amazed.*] From the king?

Prin. Yes, That which I just now gave you.

Car. From the king! To whom? To you?

Prin. O heaven! How madly have I exposed myself! The letter!—Return it—I must and will have it again!

Car. A letter from the king! And to you!

Prin. The letter I say! by all that is sacred, return me the letter.

Car. That letter which was to unmask the pretended saint?

Prin. Yes! I shall assuredly go mad! Return my letter.

Car. That letter which betrays the base passion of a great libertine?

Prin. [*Violently agitated.*] Unbearable! To what folly has my frantic passion impelled me!

Car. That letter! That letter from the king! Let me tell you, princess, that letter [*Holding it up with exultation.*] to me is so valuable, that all Philip's wealth, nor that or all his extensive empire, should purchase it from me. [*Offering to go.*]

Prin. [*Throwing herself in his way.*] Gracious heaven! I am utterly ruined; is it possible you can act so meanly—

Car. [*Returning, taking her hand, earnestly and tenderly.*] When I act so meanly, princess, then will I allow you—then, and not till then—to blush for the conversation we have now had. (*Exit.*)

PRINCESS *solus.* [*She looks after him with amazement;*

ment ; then rushes towards the door, to call him again back.] O hear me !—Let me say one word—Oh ! he is gone ! He disregards me : he despises me—I am left to miserable solitude, disregarded, rejected ! [*Sinks into a chair—after a pause.*] I may not be absolutely despised ; but deprived of his affections by a rival. He loves ; of that there remain no doubt. He has himself acknowledged it. But who is this happy she ?—It is manifest ; he loves one whom he should not—He dreads discovery—His passion he wishes kept secret from the king—How is this ?—It is as father alone he fears him.—How did he exult when he discovered that the king had made amorous advances ! How came it that his rigid virtue no longer restrained him on this occasion, precisely on this ? What would it advantage him, though the king were false to the queen ? [*Stops short, as if a sudden thought had struck her : then takes the ribband she took from Carlos out of her bosom, looks at it attentively, and recollects it.*] Ah ! at length I observe—Fool that I was ! Where were my senses—my eyes ? They loved each other long before the king took her to his throne. The prince never saw me but in her presence. She then was intended, when I supposed myself adored with such matchless ardour and sincerity. O this is an unexampled deception ! And I have been simple enough to discover my weakness ! (*Pauses.*) That he loves hopelessly, I cannot believe. Hopeless love could not endure such a struggle ; such sacrifices are beyond it. What an ardent kiss ! How tenderly did he hold me to his beating heart ! This is not like a mere romantic unreturned passion—He took the key and supposed the

the

the queen had sent it ; he swallowed this gigantic stride of love !—and came, really came—convinced that king Philip's confort could take so mad a resolution—Was this possible, if he had not received similar favours before ?—It is unquestionable—He has been heard—She loves him—this saint descends to mortal feelings—How artful in her hypocrisy !—I have always looked up with reverence to her exalted virtue ; I thought her a superior being, whose brightness overpowered me. I thought her a stranger to every violence, every passion of human nature ; yet all this placidity was merely external. She wished to share in both banquets ; to receive the adoration due to virtue, yet to riot in all the voluptuous enjoyments of hidden vice. And shall it be so ? Shall the hypocrite succeed ?—No ; as heaven is our judge, she shall not !—Revenge, is in this case, justice—The king shall be apprized of her deceit—The king !—*[pauses thoughtfully.]* Yes—in that way I can reach his ear. *[Rings a bell.]*

SCENE IX.—*The PRINCESS, a PAGE.*

Prin. Is not there a court this evening ?

Page. Yes ; it is already assembling.

Prin. Will you endeavour to call aside the confessor—

Page. Domingo ?

Prin. Yes—Bid him expect me in the adjoining chamber on the left, as soon as I can disengage myself from the company. Say I wish to speak with him on a subject of the highest importance.

Page. Your highness shall be obeyed.

Prin. Remember, in the adjoining chamber on the left.

Prin.

PRINCESS *solus*.—[*Having walked about the room thoughtfully, for a little.*]

Nor am I entirely forsaken; I have yet a lover. How ungrateful am I? Many ladies of distinction would envy my happiness. Our love, it is true, is not very mutual. Can it then be so, that only love can repay love? Or will love alone heal my wounded honour? Does not pride now speak more loudly, and vehemently, than the gentler wishes of the heart? The king alone can relieve me—Vengeance only can assuage the pain which racks my heart. [*Walks, then suddenly stops, as if buried in intense thought.*] Virtue! He on whom I would confer it, will not receive it. Do the flowers of virtue and innocence bloom then for heaven, and not for me; not for him on whom I would bestow them? If not gathered for love, what are they? What makes them valuable but because they heighten the joys of love? I can no longer love! their value is lost to me. Let them dwell with hope—I shall never love more. [Exit.

SCENE X. *A Room in the Palace splendidly illuminated.*

DUKE ALBA and FATHER DOMINGO, meeting.

Do. Is this you, duke?—Good evening!

Al. Stop—Who speaks to me?

Do. For whom do you look?

Al. Domingo!—And alone too!—You disappeared suddenly from the company, and I have been every where in search of you.

Do. Did the king send for me?

Al. He did not; I wish some conversation with
G you.

you. But you are waiting here for some person; may I ask for whom?

Do. What have you to say to me?

Al. I have made an important discovery to-day, on which I wish to have your opinion.

Do. A discovery! What do you mean?

Al. Prince Carlos and I accidentally met this morning in the anti-chamber of the queen. High words passed, and the dispute grew so warm, that swords were drawn. The queen, alarmed, opened her door, threw herself between us, and looked at the prince with an air of authority and confidence—It was a particular look, and had as singular an effect; for the prince dropped his sword immediately, threw himself on my neck, embraced me warmly, and instantly vanished.

Do. This was very extraordinary to be sure! You remind me of a similar suspicious appearance—But such remarks are so delicate, that I have never yet hinted them to any one. I know both what courts are, and what friends are to be found in them. To confide in them too much is hazardous; and if some are sincere, it is not easy to distinguish them from the other class. Words, are weapons very easily turned to our destruction. I therefore bury my secret till the proper time for revealing it. Who, indeed, can say that I am not mistaken? Appearances often mislead us; and it is easy for us to be deceived. Besides, it is the duty of my sacred office to promote peace, not discord and enmity. I leave that to those whose business it more suits. The offices and duties of servants differ. The duty of duke Alba may enjoin upon him to do what my of-

vice forbids me. I must keep silence, were I much more certain than I now am.

Al. Certain! Certain! Of what? Reflect what you say; undoubtedly I did not intend to say that the circumstances I had observed amounted to a certainty.

Do. What signifies it that I am myself convinced, if I have not evidence that shall convict in a court?—There are services which it is dangerous to render kings; because, if you miss your aim, the blow recoils on yourself to your ruin. I could swear to what I say on the sacrament—But an eye witness, a positive word, a legible writing weighs much heavier in the scale than my belief—It is unfortunate that we are in Spain.

Al. Why so?

Do. Intrigues are easier in every other court: here the laws are rigid. The queens of Spain cannot easily sin; particularly in that particular, in which it would be most advantageous to us to detect them.

Al. True; therefore, we must——

Do. From a scheme I now have in view, I promise myself much—May I communicate to the princess Eboli what you have now mentioned?

Al. That is my direct purpose. Mark me, reverend father: to ascertain this discovery is of great importance to me, I confess it; of more importance, perhaps, than you may suppose. Every thing hinges on its reaching the ear of the sovereign. Something has occurred to-day—I trust, however, good father, that we understand one another.

Do. My opinions and wishes on this head you well know.

Al. I have never seriously thought that I was in danger from that quarter—Even now I cannot think it—Yet if I fear any man, it is the prince.

Do. Duke, you now touch a string——

Al. Mark me—danger threatens us—The king said a word this morning—one word—You know me, father; words do not usually alarm me—But this I thought had weighty meaning; if I know any thing of the character of Philip—He hesitates between us and the prince. A single hour does it. Depend upon it, father and son will soon be reconciled.

Do. Reconciled! God forbid!——

Al. He is to have him nearer his throne, and try him. He enjoined me to make concessions to him—at least so I understood him—to apologize to him for still retaining his father's favour.

Do. [*Very uneasy.*] What is this I hear!——

Al. He had an audience of an hour. He asked the government of the Netherlands; and urged his petition with such impetuosity, that I heard him in my closet. His eyes appeared red with weeping when he met me at the door. Next day, at noon, he appeared with an air of triumph. He expressed the highest pleasure that the king had preferred me to him. Affairs, he hinted, were altered for the better—How can this be reconciled? The prince to exult that his petition was refused—He cannot dissemble—And to me the king did a favour with every sign of anger.—What can I think? This new appointment is much more like a banishment than a preferment.

Do. And has it then come to this? Shall one hour destroy all we have for years effected?—And
you

you still so quiet and calm!—Do you not know this youth? Are you not aware what we have to expect when he attains power? You need no fresh proofs that he dislikes you.

Al. I forgive him that; for I never loved him?—But to insult me—Yes, insult, Domingo—that I never shall forgive him. Last year, he received the homage of the States of Arragon, I, detained by the duties of my office, as Marshal of the Ceremonies, was rather late, and the herald had called three times before I reached the throne. This prince, this boy, insolently refused me his hand to salute; publicly disgracing me before the States. Every eye was turned on me, and, for the first time in my life, I was abashed. Then it was I vowed I would have ample vengeance on the haughty boy, and I will keep my vow.

Do. I am not an enemy to him; my views are directed to the service of the throne, of God, and the church—I know the prince; I can search his inmost soul. I know he indulges the horrid design of overthrowing our holy faith—He regards not our religion.

Al. I doubt he regards it too much; for I doubt he knows not how necessary an instrument it is.

Do. He enthusiastically adores a new virtue, which, independent, asks not the aid of faith—Vice produces a revenue of millions to the church. He despises this resource, and will not have recourse to it. He *thinks*. His head is stuffed with wild chimeras—He respects the claims of men as such.—Is he then fit to be our king?

Al. Mere fancies! Idle flights of the brain; instigated by the eagerness and warmth of youth.

What choice has he besides? These will soon be forgotten when he comes to the throne.

Do. I suspect it—He is proud of his liberty, ignorant of that restraint which those who would restrain others should first submit to.—Is he fit for the throne?—His enterprising mind would pass the limits of our narrow policy with gigantic strides. I have in vain endeavoured to enervate his soul by the allurements of pleasure: he has withstood the attack. The secret of alleviating sins by indulgences he rejects with scorn—Such a vigorous mind, in such a youthful body, threatens us with serious dangers; and Philip is now sixty years of age.

Al. Your views reach far.

Do. He and the queen are one. The poison of innovation, though artfully concealed, has infected both. It lies hid now, but should it reach the throne, far would it spread.—I fear that Valois.

Al. [*Gloomily.*] Why remind me? Why rouse the serpent in my breast? I do not wish to recollect.

Do. What? Why this sudden heat?

Al. The queen of Spain has wounded me, which I should not forgive, did I live centuries. I have discovered that she, she only, defeated my scheme of removing the prince of Bourbon from Navarre, which, had it succeeded, would have been worth a kingdom to the Spanish monarchy—She informed the French, the design failed, and the disgrace lighted on me.

Do. I remember it well; and you may fear the utmost vengeance of this your secret enemy, when she gains the ascendancy. Fortune is at present favourable to us. Let us prevent it, and ruin both
the

the queen and the prince together—Give the king a hint, with or without proof, he would be gained. We have no doubts of the fact; and they who are themselves convinced, seldom find it hard to convince others. We shall certainly discover more, when we are assured of what we wish to discover. I have another idea—It was about new-year's day the queen lay in?—And it was only in April of the preceding year that the king recovered from the dangerous fever which confined him so long—You will see that this small seed of suspicion may ripen into very great advantages to our schemes; only let us have patience.

Al. But the most important question is—Who will suggest this hint to the king?

Do. That is neither for you nor I. The third and most important person is still wanting. I will now inform you in what manner I have sketched this secret plan with silent industry. The king is enamoured of the princess Eboli, and I soothe his passion, which I can render favourable to my views. I am his love messenger. I will engage the princess in our scheme. Should we succeed, she may be queen. She has just sent me a message to wait her in this chamber. I hope the best. A Spanish girl may perhaps nip off the Valois lily in one hour.

Al. What is this I hear!—Is it possible? By heavens it surprises me. Reverend father, I cannot sufficiently admire you! Success is infallible.

Do. Quiet! Some person comes.

Al. That I who have grown grey in his service, should be thus disgraced, I own mortifies and enrages

rages me. But for this I will have my revenge of that proud boy.

Do. Away; she comes.

Al. I shall be in the adjoining chamber, if—

Do. Right—I will call for you.

[*Exit DUKE ALBA.*]

SCENE XI. PRINCESS EBOLI, and DOMINGO.

Do. I attend your commands, gracious princess.

Prin. [*With a look of anxiety.*] Are we quite alone? Is there no person with you.

Do. Who?

Prin. Who went out this moment?

Do. The duke of Alba, who came to ask me to introduce him to you.

Prin. Duke Alba? What can it mean! What can he want! You can perhaps tell me?

Do. Me tell you! Certainly not till I know what accident has obtained me the happiness I have so long wished, of again seeing the Princess Eboli. [*Pauses a little, expecting an answer.*] Has any fortunate circumstance occurred which inclines you to favour the king's wishes? Or has mature deliberation triumphed over caprice and vanity. I anxiously expect to hear.

Prin. Did you carry my last answer to the king?

Do. No. I could not bring myself to hurt him so severely. You have yet opportunity to return a milder answer.

Prin. Tell the king that I expect him.

Do. May I then believe what I hear, beautiful princess!

Prin. Why not? Heavens! you amaze me! What have I said that even you blush for me?

Do,

Do. The pleasant surprize almost overcomes me—

Prin. Be not alarmed, good father, I can tell you for your comfort, that you have no share in this sin, nor even the church; though you have instructed me, that cases may happen where she may sacrifice the chastity of her daughters to promote higher purposes. These mysterious doctrines were not for my comprehension.

Do. Nor would I wish to insist on them when unnecessary.

Prin. Request the sovereign from me not to misunderstand my intention in this transaction. What I was, I still am. But circumstances have altered since I indignantly rejected his request. I supposed him possessed of the most beautiful and virtuous of queens: now I know the truth.

Do. Speak on, dear princess, proceed: I am anxious to hear you: we understand one another.

Prin. I have detected her: I will not spare her: the false dissembler is discovered; though she has deceived the king, all Spain, and me. She carries on an intrigue: I know it; and can bring such irrefragable proofs of it as shall make her tremble. She deceives the king; but he shall not be so with impunity. I will unmask the hypocrite, who pretended to emulate the purity of the sacred virgin, yet expose her baseness to the whole world. It will cost me a high price, but that is my delight, and triumph; for it will cost her still a higher one.

Do. Now all is ready. Let me call in the duke.
[Exit.

Prin. [Much surprized.] What can be the meaning of this?

Enter

Enter DUKE ALBA, and DOMINGO.

Do. [*Introducing the duke.*] Our information, duke, is too late: the princess knows the secret we intended to entrust with her.

Al. [*advancing to the princess.*] My visit will not then surprise you. I did not wish to credit my own eyes; such discoveries require a woman's eyes.

Prin. What discoveries?

Do. We wish to know, princess, what more convenient time or place you are pleased to appoint.

Prin. About noon to-morrow, I will expect you in my apartment. I have reasons for wishing that this criminal secret be no longer concealed from the king.

Al. It was that which brought me hither. The king must be informed of it, and by you, princess. Whom will he so soon believe, as the constant and watchful attendant of his consort?

Do. Whom, so soon as you, who will ere long rule him with unbounded sway?

Al. I am the avowed enemy of the prince.

Do. The same is generally said of me. The princess Eboli cannot be suspected of any partiality. Where we must keep silence, the duties of her situation compel her to speak. The king will hearken to us, when you have paved the way, and we shall put the finishing hand to the work.

Al. But what is to be done, must be so immediately. Moments are precious; every hour I expect orders to set out for the Netherlands.

Do. [*addressing the princess, having stood some time in thought.*] Could we find letters—Letters received from the prince would have a great effect

—Let

—Let us think—You sleep, in the same chamber with the queen?

Prin. In that adjoining—But what signifies that?

Do. Do you know where the key of her private cabinet is usually laid?

Prin. [*Thoughtfully.*] Yes—that indeed might be useful—Yes—I think I could find it.

Do. Letters need messengers—The queen's retinue is numerous—Gold may be useful.

Al. Has no person observed whether the prince has any confidants?

Do. I believe not one in all Madrid.

Al. That is very odd.

Do. You may rely on it; he despises all the court; I have proofs.

Al. Yet I just now recollect, that as I came out of the queen's apartment, I found the prince talking to a page, seemingly on some private affair.

Prin. [*Quickly interrupting him.*] Oh! no, no; that could have no connection with this subject.

Do. How know you that? The circumstance is suspicious—[*To Alba.*] Do you know the page?

Prin. Nonsense! What does it signify who he was?—Leave the business to me—We shall see one another again before I speak to the king; meanwhile much may be discovered.

Do. [*To her aside.*] The king may then hope? You allow me to carry the pleasing message. When shall the happy time be?

Prin. In a few days I will pretend indisposition; I shall then no longer be obliged to attend the queen, but keep my own room.

Do. Excellent plan!—Our great game is won, and we may now defy all queens. [*A bell rings.*]

Prin.

Prin. Hark! the queen demands my presence;
Adieu, till we meet again. [*Exit hastily.*]

Do. [*His eyes following the princess.*] Duke,
the beauty of this fair-one, and your battles—

Al. And your religion—will enable us to sur-
mount every obstacle. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII. *A Carthusian Convent.*

DON CARLOS, *the* PRIOR.

Car. You say, he has been here, and is gone!—
I am sorry for it.

Prior. He has been three times here this morn-
ing, and went away last only about an hour since.

Car. But he said that he would be here again;
did he not?

Prior. He said he would, before noon.

Car. [*Looking out at a window.*] Your convent
is far from the road.—I observe the steeples of Ma-
drid, and here flows the Mançanares—The situa-
tion is what I could wish; solitary and private.

Prior. As the entrance of the other world.

Car. To your fidelity, good father, I commit
what I hold most precious and sacred on earth. No
one must know or guess who it is I meet secretly
here. I have urgent reasons for this concealment,
and therefore have chosen this convent. Are we
safe from treachery or surprize? You remember
your oath.

Prior. Your highness may have confidence in us;
the suspicion of kings searches not sepulchres. Cu-
riosity only listens at the doors of pleasure and en-
joyment. The world ends with these walls.

Car.

Car. You may perhaps think that this suspicion, this fear, argues a bad conscience?

Prior. I judge nothing.

Car. If you do, you are deceived, reverend father; you are quite mistaken. My secret shuns man's eye, but not Heaven's.

Prior. My son, that is not our concern. This asylum is equally open to guilt and innocence. Whether your designs are good or bad, virtuous or vicious, we leave to your own conscience.

Car. [*Warmly.*] What we wish to conceal cannot offend the God you worship: it is his own, his fairest work—I might discover it to you.—

Prin. Why? Excuse me, prince: I have long since renounced the world and its affairs, to make ready for that great journey we must all one day undertake—The bell rings for prayers; I must be gone
[*Exit.*]

SCENE XIII. DON CARLOS, *the* MARQUIS DE POSA.

Car. Ah! I meet you at last.

Mar. How you try the patience of a friend! Twice has the sun rose and set, since the fate of my Carlos was determined, and I have yet to learn it. Is this excusable?

Car. This reproach to me, Rodrigo? What has not this hour cost me?

Mar. Well; no more of it; but accept my warmest congratulation. You and your father are reconciled?

Car. How?

Mar. Are not you and the king reconciled? Is not every thing determined as to Flanders?

H

Car.

Prin. Hark! the queen demands my presence;
Adieu, till we meet again. [*Exit hastily.*]

Do. [*His eyes following the princess.*] Duke,
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Al. And your religion—will enable us to sur-
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Mar. Are not you and the king reconciled? Is not every thing determined as to Flanders?

H

Car.

Car. Yes! the duke sets out for the Netherlands to-morrow.

Mar. Impossible! All Madrid cannot be so mistaken. You was admitted to a private audience. The king——

Car. Remained inflexible. We are separated for ever, more widely than before.

Mar. And you do not go to Flanders?

Car. No! no! no!

Mar. Alas! and all my hopes are vanished!

Car. They are gone—But, O Rodrigo, since I last saw you, what strange events have I to relate. First, however, I must entreat your counsel and aid. I must see the queen.

Mar. The queen!—No!—For what purpose?

Car. I hope—You look pale; but compose yourself. I shall and will be happy!—But of this hereafter: at present advise me how I may speak to the queen.

Mar. What can you mean? What new frantic dream is this?

Car. It is no dream, by wonder-working heaven!—but truth—truth lies in this important paper. [*Shewing the letter of the king to the princess Eboli.*] The queen is at liberty in the eye of heaven and earth. Read there, and cease to wonder.

Mar. [*Opening the letter.*] What is this? The king's hand. [*Reads it.*] To whom was it addressed?

Car. To the princess Eboli. Two days since a page of the queen brought me privately a key and a letter, in which I was directed to the left wing of the palace where the queen resides; and to a chamber, where a lady for whom I had long entertained the warmest passion expected me. I went—

Mar.

Mar. You went ! Madman !

Car. I did not know the hand-writing ; I knew only one such lady. Who but she could suppose herself adored by Carlos ! Intoxicated with my supposed happiness, I flew to the place. A heavenly voice, accompanied by a lute, conducted me. I opened the door, and found the princess Eboli— Judge my surprise.

Mar. I can guess all.

Car. I had been gone without redemption, Rodrigo, had I not fallen into an angel's hands. What an unfortunate accident ! Misconceiving the meaning of my looks and sighs, she supposed herself the goddess of my adoration, and her gentle heart nobly determined to reward my love. Honour seemed to enjoin silence ; she had the fortitude to break it first, and her virgin soul lay open to me.

Mar. Is it possible, you can thus unsuspectingly relate this ? The princess Eboli has looked through thee : penetrated to your inmost love. You have hurt her pride, and she rules the king.

Car. [*With steadiness.*] She is virtuous.

Mar. For aught I know, as far as her passions permit her to be so. I much fear this virtue ; I know it. I know it is different from that exalted virtue which flourishes in the heart as in its native soil, and profusely produces fruit without the gardener's assistance. It is a foreign graft, reared by labour, beneath a gloomy sky. Education, circumstances, design, and restraint, may incite and enable her, after a hard struggle, to appear to have subdued her passions ; but, I appeal to you, whether is it probable she can ever forgive the queen, that the man to whom she would have sacrificed her

dearly purchased virtue, neglects her to pine away in a hopeless passion for her mistress?

Car. Are you so intimately acquainted with the princess?

Mar. No; I have not seen her more than twice. But I have remarked how carefully she avoids even the appearance of vice, and how much she values herself on her virtue. When I observed the queen, O Carlos! How vast the difference! In her own native tranquil excellence with careless cheerfulness, above all the restraint of affectation, equally devoid of rashness and timidity, she firmly steps in the narrow middle road of strict propriety. Does my Carlos in this mirror recognise his Eboli? The princess continued steady while she loved; her love constituted an essential part of her virtue: it was not returned, and she falls.

Car. [*warmly.*] No, no; I tell thee, no—Oh! consider, Rodrigo, how much it becomes you to rob your Carlos of his greatest earthly blessing—his belief in the excellence of the human heart.

Mar. Did I deserve this?—No, my soul's favourite, as heaven is my judge, I have not. The princess Eboli should have been my angel, and I would have adored her, had she not—discovered your secret.

Car. Only think how groundless your fears are. What other proofs can she have but those which expose her to shame? Will she purchase the miserable enjoyment of a wretched revenge at the expence of her honour?

Mar. Many have made such sacrifices.

Car. [*Earnestly.*] No, that is too severe, too cruel; she is noble and generous. I know her well, and will

will not suspect her. You attempt in vain to shake my hopes. I must speak with the queen.

Mar. To what purpose?

Car. There is nothing more to restrain me. I must learn my fate. Consider only how it may be done:

Mar. And will you let her see that letter?

Car. Make no farther enquiry as to that. Tell me, instantly tell me, how I can possibly speak with her.

Mar. Said you not that you loved the queen? And will you let her see this letter? [*Carlos looks steadily on the ground, and is silent.*]*—*Carlos, I observe something in your manner altogether new and unknown to me, till this day. You turn away your eyes. Why do you turn your eyes from me? Is it then true? Have I judged rightly? Shew me that paper. [*Carlos gives the letter, and the Marquis tears it in pieces.*]

Car. What! Are you mad? [*More moderately.*] The letter was of great consequence to me.

Mar. So it seemed to be; and therefore I tore it. [*The Marquis looks anxiously on the prince, who surveys him with doubt and surprise. A long silence.*] Will you at length speak—What has the king's falsehood to do with your love? What connection is there between the violated duties of the husband and your daring hopes? Were these means to which you ought to have recourse? Now I begin to discover you. How little have I before understood the nature of your love.

Car. [*With emotion.*] How! Rodrigo! What do you mean?

Mar. Oh! I feel to what I must inure myself.

You were once very different. There was then room for the universe in thy expanded heart ; but now is it occupied with one single selfish passion. No more tears will now be shed for the miserable situation of the unhappy provinces ; not one tear to spare for them—O Carlos ! how poor, how wretchedly poor art thou become, since thou lovest thyself only.

Car. [*throwing himself into a chair—a considerable pause, during which he with difficulty represses his tears.*] Well I know that I must have forfeited your esteem.

Mar. Do I then flatter you ? No, Carlos, I do not. I am persuaded this ebullition was only the error of your noble sensations. The queen was first yours, and the king stole her from you. Hitherto you have modestly doubted your own right—Perhaps Philip deserved her—You hesitated, and durst not determine—The letter has proved that you best deserved her. You exulted in your injury ; for great souls glory in the injustice which they suffer. But here you were wrong. Your pride sought satisfaction ; your heart promised itself hope. You misunderstood yourself.

Car. [*With sensibility.*] No, Rodrigo, you are much mistaken. I had not those noble sentiments your friendship attributes to me.

Mar. Carlos ! I can only attribute thy errors to mistaken virtue. But now that we better understand each other, thou shalt speak with the queen. I give thee my word ; I will contrive the means.

Car. [*Embracing him.*] Brother of my soul ! How I blush when I compare myself to thee !

Mar. Are you then convinced that neither secret wishes,

wishes, fear, nor self-interest induce me to act thus? —But more of this hereafter. You have my promise; leave the rest to me. A wild and daring thought has occurred to me. You shall hear it, Carlos, from lovelier lips. I will tell the queen. Perhaps my scheme may be put in execution tomorrow. But remember, Carlos, that the design which has for its object the relief of suffering humanity, though defeated a thousand times, must never be abandoned. You understand me: remember Flanders.

Car. I will remember every thing which you and virtue command me not to forget.

Mar. [*Going to the Window.*] Our time is up: I hear your attendants. [*They embrace each other.*] Now again, we are prince and subject.

Car. Do you go to Madrid directly?

Mar. I do.

Car. Stop—I had almost forgot what is of the utmost consequence—Every letter for Brabant is sent to the king. Orders to that effect have been secretly sent to the post-office.

Mar. How know you that?

Car. Don Raimond de Taxis is my confidential friend.

Mar. [*after a pause.*] Then we must send by the way of Germany. [*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE I. *The King's Bed-chamber.*

[*A niche, with curtains drawn before it. Two lighted candles. In the back ground some pages asleep on their knees. The king, partly undressed, sitting asleep at the table, with one arm over the back of the chair—a miniature picture before him, and some papers.*]

King. [*In a disturbed sleep.*] That she enchanted me, none can deny—I could not love her; and yet—she never seemed to feel the want of it. She is certainly then false—[*He moves about a little and awakes.—Looks up with surprize.*] Where am I? Does nobody watch, then, here but the king? How! The lights are extinguished, yet it is not day! [*the clock strikes four.*] I am roused from my slumber. Nature, wilt thou accept this as payment of thy debt. A king has no time to retrieve lost nights. I am now awake, and it must be day. [*He puts out the lights, and pulls up a window curtain—as he walks about, he observes the pages asleep, and stands looking at them without speaking—he then rings a bell.*] Perhaps all in my anti-chamber, are asleep too!

SCENE II. *The KING, Count LERMA.*

Ler. [*Surprised to see the king.*] Is your majesty in bad health?

King. There is fire in the adjoining pavilion. Heard you no alarm?

Ler. None, your majesty.

King. None!—How!—Was it only a dream?

It

It cannot be chance. Is not the queen's bed-room in the left wing of the palace ?

Ler. It is, your majesty.

King. My dream terrified me. Double the guard there in future—Do you hear?—As soon as it is evening—But with the utmost privacy—You must not examine me so with your eyes.

Ler. Your majesty's eyes are inflamed, and need sleep. May I presume to entreat your majesty to consider, how valuable your life is to your people, who will perceive with anxiety and dismay the signs of this uneasy night in your looks. Two hours of morning sleep would be a great relief to you.

King. [*Disturbed.*] Tear first the scorpion from my pillow—Sleep ! Can I sleep in the escurial?—While the king sleeps they may seize his throne ; the husband of his wife's heart.

Ler. Would your majesty wish me to awaken the pages ?

King. No ; let them sleep on. I can trust men sleeping—This youth, for example, while asleep, forgets that his father's blood flowed by my command, on the scaffold—And thus he serves me ? Cannot my kingdom find me other guards, than the sons of delinquents whom I have put to death ?

Ler. They are mere children, my king.

King. No, no ; mere calumny ! It was a woman who whispered me—Woman's name is slander—The offence is not certain till the charge is confirmed by a man. [*To the pages awaking.*] Send for the duke. [*Exeunt pages.*] Come hither, count.—Is it true ? [*Looks at the count attentively, and pauses.*] Oh ! to be certain, but for one moment ! Is it true ! Am I imposed upon ? Am I ? Is it true ?

Ler.

Ler. Most gracious sovereign——

King. [*Turning away.*] Sovereign! Why always sovereign, and majesty!—Have you no better answer than this constant empty echo—I strike this rock for water;—water to quench my burning thirst—He gives me melted gold.—

Ler. What is true? What means your majesty?

King. Nothing, nothing at all. Leave me. [*The count is retiring, but the king recalls him.*] Are you married? Are you a father?

Ler. I am.

King. Married! And will you venture to watch a whole night here with your sovereign?—Your hairs are gray, yet you blush not to trust your wife's honesty—Oh, get you home—At this moment she may be in your son's incestuous embrace—Believe me!—Go home—You look surprised!—You look significantly at me; my hairs are gray too—Simple man! remember queens never stain their virtue: destruction awaits you if you suspect.

Ler. [*Warmly.*] Who can possibly have done this? Who in this empire is wicked and daring enough to insinuate such suspicions, and calumniate the angel purity of the best of queens?

King. The *best*? So you call her *best* also? She has very *warm* friends about her, I find. They must have been gained at great expence; more, no doubt, than is known of. You may retire—let the duke come.

Ler. He is already in the anti-chamber. [*Going.*

King. [*Milder.*] Count, what you observed before is very true—This sleepless night has confused my head. Think no more of what I have uttered in this waking dream—Mark me—Forget it—I

am

am still your gracious king. [*Gives him his hand to kiss. Lerma retiring, opening the door, at same time to the duke Alba.*]

SCENE III.—*The KING, DUKE ALBA.*

Al. [*Advancing to the king with an air of hesitation.*] This extraordinary message at an unusual hour—[*Observes the countenance of the king*] and such a look—

King. *Who sits down, and takes up the miniature from the table, looks for some time at the duke, without speaking.*] Is it then so that I have no faithful servant?

Al. [*Pausing with surprise.*] Sire?

King. I am vexed, wounded to death: The cause was generally known; yet no person hinted it to me.

Al. [*Astonished.*] Has any vexation reached my sovereign, and escaped my eye?

King. [*Shewing letters.*] Know you this hand?

Al. It is Don Carlos' writing.

King. [*Pausing, and narrowly observing the duke.*] And do you suspect nothing yet? Often have you warned me of his ambition. Was it only his ambition you feared?

Al. Ambition is a wide word, it includes much.

King. And do you know nothing else which should have been discovered to me?

Al. [*Pausing reservedly.*] Your majesty has committed your crown to my vigilance, and carefully have I guarded its interests. What, as to other affairs, I may think or know is my own. Thoughts are sacred possessions, which not only the subject of a prince, but the purchased slave, has a title to retain.

tain.—Things may appear doubtful, suspicious, but not sufficiently mature for the king—If you would be satisfied, do not question me as a sovereign.

King. [*Giving him the letters.*] Read these letters.

Al. [*Reads, and turns away as if shocked.*] Who was the madman to give this fatal letter into the hand of my sovereign?

King. What! so you already understand all! The name, is not there, I know.

Al. I was too rash.

King. You are acquainted with the whole, then?

Al. [*Pausing.*] It is known—My sovereign commands;—I can no longer deny—I do not deny; I know the person.

King. [*Rising, in the most violent emotion.*] Vengeance of heaven, teach me to invent new tortures!—Is it so generally, and publicly known, that even without examination, it is understood at the first glance! This is insupportable: this I could not have supposed—I then am the last, the last in the whole kingdom, who is acquainted with it!

Al. [*Throws himself at the king's feet.*] I am in fault, most gracious sovereign. I am ashamed of my cowardly prudence, which led me to be silent, where the honour of my king, justice, and truth all loudly demanded I should speak. Yet I knew the influence of enchanting beauty, of returning parental affection, and how readily every proof could be obliterated by the tears of a beloved wife.

King. [*Hastily, and warm.*] Arise!—My royal word is passed!—Arise, fear not; speak unre-servedly.

Al. [*Rises.*] Your majesty will, perhaps, recollect

the

the circumstance in the garden at Aranjuez, when you detected the queen alone, and not attended by her ladies ; she was in a private arbour ?

King. Ha ! What is this I hear ? Proceed.

Al. The marchioness of Mondekar, was banished because she had spirit enough to offer herself a ready sacrifice for the queen. It is now sufficiently known that the marchioness only did as she was desired—The prince was then with her.

King. [*Starting.*] With her ! How !

Al. A man's footsteps were observed in the walk which leads to that arbour, and the prince's handkerchief, which was found there, confirmed the suspicion. The gardener too, met him there, almost at that very moment, as near as could be calculated, that your majesty entered the walk.

King. [*after gloomy thoughtfulness.*] Yet she wept when I expressed my surprize ; and acted her part so well that I blushed before my whole court—blushed for myself—By heavens ! I stood like a convicted criminal before her immaculate virtue. (*A long and painful silence—He sits down covering his face.*) Yes, Duke Alba—You are right—This may lead to something dreadful !—Leave me a little alone.

Al. My sovereign, these circumstances are not alone decisive.

King. (*Taking up the papers.*) Is not this ; nor this ; nor this : nor all the chain of damning proofs ? Oh ! it is more clear than sun-shine—But it is what I have long looked for. The evil commenced when I first received her from your hands in Madrid. When she first looked on these grey hairs her hypocrisy began.

I

Al.

Al. The prince lost his bride, when the queen became his mother. Her wishes and designs were known before her new place forbade them. The fear which prevents a first confession was soon overcome, and seduction supplied the images of memory. A similarity of opinion, and age, irritated by like constraint, she might be expected to hearken to the voice of love ; which political views had counteracted. Can it be imagined that she would admit such a power in cabinets, and instantly approve their choice ? She lost him she loved, and received—a crown.

King. (*Displeased and with heat.*) You speak with marked discrimination, my lord, I admire your oratory—I am obliged to you. (*Rising coldly and with state.*) You are right ; the queen was wrong to conceal letters of this kind ; as she was also not to inform me of her meeting the prince in the garden. She has been guilty of a great fault from false honour, and I will make her sensible of it. (*Rings.*)—Who waits in the anti-chamber—I have no immediate occasion for you, my lord ; you may retire.

Al. Has my zeal a second time offended your majesty ?

King. (*To a page who enters.*) Tell Domingo, I wish to speak with him. (*Exit Page.*) I forgive you, that for nearly two minutes you have suggested fears, for what was, perhaps, only intended against yourself. (*Exit Alba.*)

Enter Domingo (*the king walks about a little to collect himself. Domingo approaches the king, who looks at him, for a little, without speaking.*)

Dom.

Dom. I am very agreeably disappointed to find your majesty so cool and collected.

King. Are you disappointed.

Do. Thanks to heaven that my fears were so groundless ; I may now more confidently hope.

King. Your fears ! What did you fear ?

Do. I must not withhold from your majesty, a secret which has reached me.

King. (*Displeased.*) Have I expressed any wish to share it with you ? Why intrude your observations ? You are very free, upon my honour.

Do. My liege, the place, the occasion, and the seal under which I obtained this secret, sufficiently acquit me from such a charge. It was at confession entrusted to me, as an offence which weighed upon the tender conscience of her who had discovered it, and who asked pardon from heaven. Too late the princess repented a step from which she had reason to apprehend the most terrible consequences to the queen.

King. Is it so !—Good soul ! You have rightly guessed the reason why I sent for you—You shall conduct me out of this dark labyrinth into which a blind jealousy has overwhelmed me. From you I expect to hear truth. What to believe ; what to resolve ? From you I may claim the truth.

Do. Sire, if my station did not impose upon me the mild duty of conciliation, yet I would conjure your majesty, I would entreat you, for your own peace, to desist from further enquiries into a secret which never can be traced but to your disquiet. What is yet known may be forgiven—A word from the king—and the queen has never strayed. The will of the king can bestow virtue as well as

honour and wealth; and only your tranquillity can still the whispers in which slander has already indulged.

King. Whispers! Concerning me, and among my subjects?

Do. Lies; daring lies, I will swear. Yet there are instances where the opinion of the multitude, however ill-founded in general, pointed to the truth.

King. Distraction! Has it come to this?

Do. A good name is precious; it is the only possession, in which even a queen must contend with the humblest woman.

King. In that then, I trust, we have little cause of alarm. [*Looking steadily on Domingo—After a pause.*] I suspect I have worse to hear. Do not conceal it: I have long traced it in your illboding face. Out with it, be it what it may. Leave me on the rack no longer. What do the people whisper?

Do. The multitude, sire, let me once more add, may err—and certainly do err—Their stories ought not to alarm you, nor should it be honoured with your notice, except only to enquire what has emboldened them to hold such licentious talk.

King. Must I, then, so long request one drop of poison?

Do. The people remember that, some time since, your majesty was at the point of death—Thirty weeks thereafter the queen was delivered.—[*The king gets up and rings. Alba enters; and Domingo appears surprized.*] I am amazed, sire.—

King. [*approaching Alba.*] Alba, are not you a man? protect me from this priest.

Al. Recollect yourself, my liege.

King.

King. [*Looks steadily at Alba, then turns from him.*] What am I about? Am I indeed in such hands? Shall I fly to a serpent to deliver from a crocodile? And is there no other choice?

Do. [*Exchanges looks of surprize with duke Alba—After a pause.*] Could it have been foreseen that this hint would only have produced displeasure on those who gave it——

King. A baltard, did you say! I was scarcely recovered from a deadly sickness, when she became pregnant—Let me think! This was precisely at the time when you ordered thanksgivings to be offered up to Saint Dominic, in all the churches, for the great miracle he had performed upon me. Is that which was then a miracle, no more so? Did you then, or do you now impose on me? Which of your two tales am I to believe?—Oh! I see through it. Your plot was not then ripe, it would have deprived the saint of his glory.

Al. Plot!

Do. Plot! What degrading suspicion!

King. So you are both, exactly of one mind yet concerted nothing together? Do you suppose I will believe that? Do you think I did not observe with what delight you revealed your secret, and the pleasure you took in my painful feelings, and the ebullitions of my displeasure? Did I not observe how eager the duke was to prevent my granting any thing to my son? How willingly this reverend plotter would arm his petty indignation with the gigantic force of my wrath? I am the bow you wish to bend at pleasure. I still retain my authority, and if you question it, I shall at least begin with you.

Al. This threat our fidelity did not merit.

King. Fidelity! Fidelity warns of dangers before they happen: intrigue and revenge works on past offences. What has your information gained me? Should your insinuation be true, what remains but the cruel blow of everlasting separation, and the gloomy reward of revenge? You only deal in doubtful and dark conjectures. You conduct me to the brink of a precipice; then leave me there.

Do. Are any other proofs possible, where the eye-witness is impossible?

King. [*after a pause, looking at Domingo seriously and very earnestly.*] I will assemble all the nobles of my kingdom, and preside myself in judgment. You, if you have the fortitude, shall come forward and accuse her as a strumpet. If she is convicted she shall die without mercy, both she and the prince—But—mark me well—should you fail in your evidence and her innocence appear—Yourself—Will you honour truth with such a sacrifice?—Resolve—You will not—You are silent—You shrink from the trial—Oh! this is the zeal of liars!

Al. [*Who has kept silence and at a distance—Coldly and without emotion.*] I accept your challenge.

King. [*Turns round amazed; and looking steadily on the duke.*] Your offer is daring—But it should be recollected, that in many a field of slaughter you have ventured your life for less; and staked it like a rash gambler against that empty bubble, glory. What is life to you? What charms can it have for those who, like you, were born in chains and trammels? The royal blood shall not become a prize to such a madman—I refuse your offer—

Go

Go—Go, attend in the hall of audience, and wait my further orders. [*Exeunt Alba and Domingo.*]

The KING solus.

Now, gracious heaven, grant me *a man*. Much thou' hast bestowed on me ; now send me *a man* and *a friend*—Thine eye only can penetrate all secrets ; my prayer is for *a friend* ; for I am not, as thou art, omniscient. The merits of the servants thou hast already given me are well known to thee—Send me now *a man* with a pure and open soul, steady courage, and a generous heart. Let me at least find ONE such among the THOUSANDS who bask in the blaze of royalty. [*Opening a cabinet, he takes out a book, the leaves of which he turns over.*] Names—names in abundance I find here—No notice of the merits which entitled them to a place here—What is more forgetful, than gratitude?—Here, on the other side, I find every offence distinctly marked—'This is not just—Revenge needs not such aids to memory. [*Continues reading names.*] Count Egmont?—Why is he here?—The victory at St Quentin has long been forgot—I number him with the dead. (*Strikes out his name, and writes it in the other list—Reading on.*) 'The Marquis de Posa!—De Posa!—I hardly remember him. Yet there are two marks against his name, which shew that I meant something great for him. And can it be that such a man should so long have avoided my presence, and kept from the eyes of his royal debtor?—By heaven! this is the man, through all my empire, who needs not me. Were he actuated either by avarice or ambition, he would have been long since near the throne. I must enquire farther

farther about him. He who is thus independent will tell me the truth.

SCENE IV. The hall of audience.

DON CARLOS *conversing with the PRINCE of PARMA, the DUKES of ALBA, FERIA, and MEDINA SIDONIA; COUNT LERMA, and other nobles, with papers in their hands, all attending on the King.*

M. Sid. (Evidently shunned by all the company, addresses the Duke of Alba, who walks about alone, and thoughtful.) You have conversed with the king, my lord, how is he?

Alba. Very ill suited to receive you and your intelligence.

M. Sid. I would rather face the English cannon than be in this hall. (*Carlos, who had silently observed him with an air of sympathy and friendship, approaches him, and gives him his hand.*) My warmest gratitude, most gracious prince, for this generosity and kindness. You see how all shun me: my destruction is resolved upon.

Car. Hope the best, my friend, from my father's candour and your own innocence.

M. Sid. I have lost him a fleet a better never appeared on the ocean—What is my head to the seventy galloons which have fallen a prey to the flames and waves—But, generous prince, I have five sons, which justify a father's fondest hopes—This rends my heart.—

The KING enters, dressed; the GRANDEES uncovers, and form a semi-circle around him—A pause

King. (Looking hastily round.) Be covered,
(*Don*

(*Don Carlos and the prince of Parma advance first, and kiss the king's hand. He turns in a friendly way to the latter, without noticing his son.*) Your mother, nephew, wishes to know how we are pleased with you in Madrid.

Par. She did not make that enquiry till after the issue of my first battle.

King. Be content; it will be your turn next. (*To the Duke of Feria.*) What news bring you?

Fer. (Kneeling.) The grand master of the order of Calatrava died this morning. I bring your majesty his cross.

King. (Takes the insignia of the order, and looks around the circle.) Who is most worthy to succeed him? (*He signs to the Duke of Alba, who approaches, and kneels. The king invests him with the cross of the order.*) Duke, you are my first general: be not more; and you shall not want my protection. (*Observes Medina Sidonia.*) Ha! here is my admiral.

M. Sid. (advances much embarrassed; and kneels before the king, bowing his head.) This head, great king, is all I bring you back of your armada, and the Spanish youth, entrusted to my charge.

King. (after a long pause.) We must yield to heaven—I sent you against men; not to encounter storms and rocks—You are welcome to Madrid. (*Holds out his hand to kiss.*) And I thank you, that you have in yourself preserved to me a deserving servant. For such, my lords, I consider him, and such I wish you to esteem him. (*Signs to him to rise, and be covered. He then turns to the other nobles.*) What is there besides? (*To Don Car-*

los, and the prince of Parma) I thank you, princes. *(they retire; and the other nobles approach, and, kneeling, present papers to the king. He glances over them, and gives them to the Duke of Alba.)*—Lay these on my cabinet—Have I done?—*(No one answers.)* How is it that among my nobles, I never observe the Marquis Posa? I know he has served me with credit to himself and benefit to the kingdom. Perhaps he is not alive? Why does he never appear?

Ler. He has lately returned from his travels through almost all Europe—He is now in Madrid, and the first public day will throw himself at his sovereign's feet.

Al. Marquis Posa—Yes, I recollect him; he is the brave Maltese knight, whose heroism has been so widely proclaimed, by fame. When Malta was besieged by Soliman, the knights of the order were summoned by the grand master to defend the island. The marquis, then only a youth of eighteen, suddenly quitted the royal school of Alkala, and presented himself before La Vallette: "The cross of your order has been procured for me," said he, "and I will prove that I deserve it." He was one of the forty knights who defended the castle of Saint Elmo against Mustapha and Hassem, and repelled three dreadful assaults; and when it was taken at last, all the knights around him having fallen, he threw himself into the sea, and swam in safety to the quarters of La Vallette. Two months thereafter the infidels left the island, and Posa returned to complete his unfinished studies.

Fer. It was this same Marquis Posa also, who discovered the dangerous conspiracy in Catalonia,
and

and by his activity and address only, preserved that important province.

Ler. The following year, by his father's death, he was promoted to the rank of grandee; yet, though in the full possession of his youthful glory, despising the parade and luxury of a court, he has led a retired and quiet life; only unnoticed by the favour of his king, because his modest merit concealed itself from all reward.

King. I am amazed—He must surely be a very uncommon man. His conduct seems even above envy. He has either a most extraordinary character, or none. I must converse with him, were it only from curiosity. (*To the duke of Alba.*) After mass, conduct him into the cabinet. (*The duke retires; and the king adds, to Feria.*) Do you take my place in the privy council. (*Exit.*)

Fer. The king is very gracious to-day.

M. Sid. He is divine; such at least he has been to me.

Fer. You are well entitled to the reception you have met with: I congratulate you most sincerely.

One of the Grandees. So do I.

2d Gran. And I also.

3d Gran. My heart exults with joy! A commander of such distinguished merit!—

1st Gran. The king was not *gracious* to you;—he was only *just*.

Ler. [*To Medina Sidonia as they retire.*] How many professions of friendship have two words from the king procured you! [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV. *The King's Cabinet. The MARQUIS DE POSA, DUKE ALBA.*

Mar. [*Entering.*] The king wants me, said you? Me?—It is impossible, you must have mistaken the name—What can he want with me?

Al. He wishes to talk with you: I know nothing more.

Mar. I have no pretensions to his notice; that you well know, and you should have told him. The blame certainly lies with you.

Al. With me! What extravagance! How could I guess his design?

Mar. He designs nothing: in that you may credit me.

Al. And even were that the case—

Mar. It is mere curiosity; and my time is lost. Life, it should be remembered, is very short.

Al. You know not how to value your good fortune.

Mar. I know not how to put a very high value on it, indeed.

Al. Thousands would envy your happiness in being here.

Mar. So!—I am sorry for it. (*Looking about him.*) What is there in this chamber? I see nothing particular.

Al. It is certainly very suitable for a philosopher to talk thus. (*Offering to go.*)

Mar. Whither are you bound in such haste?

Al. To announce you.

Mar. Be in no hurry—How long shall my conference last?

Al. That depends on the king's pleasure.

Mar.

Mar. Must it? I doubt I shall not greatly please him.

Al. If you are resolved not to please him, you certainly will not. [*Going.*] I commend you to your good fortune; the king is in your power; make good use of the moment, and blame only yourself if the opportunity is lost. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. The Marquis solus.

Well said, duke; we should make use of the moment which we enjoy but once. Truly this courtier gives good advice; if not in his own sense good, at least in mine. [*He walks about.*]—But how came I hither? The caprice of fortune; a singular accident, presented me, the least likely to be recollected by the king among many thousands: A mere accident? Perhaps it is more. Yet what is accident, but the rough stone which takes shape and animation from the hands of the statuary?—Providence brings accident, man must mould it to his purpose—What the king may wish with me, I know not—What I want with him, I well know—One spark of truth, boldly thrown into the mind of a despot, may have great effects when providence directs it. Thus, what at first seemed to me the capricious act of chance, may be pregnant with important effects—Be it so or not, I will at least act in this persuasion. [*He walks about in the chamber, and then stands thoughtfully before a picture. The king appears in the adjoining room, where he gives some orders. He then enters, and stopping near the door, observes the marquis for some time, unnoticed by him.—The marquis advances to the king, as soon as he observes him, and falls on one*

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knee,

knee, then rising, he stands before him without any appearance of embarrassment or confusion.]

King. [Looking at him with an air of surprise.]
Did you speak?

Mar. No.

King. [Pausing a little.] You have done me service. Why do you keep back from my thanks? Many objects constantly press on my attention, and prevent my recollection. You should have attended sooner. Why did not you?

Mar. Within these two days, Sire, I returned to Spain.

King. I do not wish to remain in debt to my subjects: ask some favour of me.

Mar. I enjoy the laws.

King. So does the murderer.

Mar. How much more the good citizen?—Sire, I am contented.

King. [aside.] A noble openness, by heaven! But was it not to be expected?—He had not made the Turkish crescent tremble but for this spirit.—I like my Spaniards to have pride, and I care not though the cup overflow. *[To the marquis.]* I hear you intend to leave my service?

Mar. I retire to give room for abler men.

King. That I am sorry for. When men like you are idle, it is a public loss—Perhaps you think you shall not be employed in a line suitable to your talents?

Mar. Not at all. I am assured that the statesman who is experienced in the minds of men, the materials and instruments of his art, will quickly discern for what I am most suited—I feel with the humblest gratitude the honour your majesty confers
on

on me by the opinion you are pleased to express ;
but—[*Pauses.*]

King. Recollect.

Mar. I am not prepared, I must acknowledge, Sire, to express in words suitable to your subject, the idea I had conceived as a citizen of the world. As there seemed little probability I should approach the throne, I supposed I should never be desired to give any reasons for this conduct.

King. Are your reasons so weak that you fear to mention them ?

Mar. No, were I allowed sufficient time to explain them ; but if this is denied me, I have only to choose between your displeasure and contempt—I would rather offend than be despised as a fool.

King. [*With anxious expectation.*] Proceed—

Mar. I cannot serve a prince.

King. Because you fear you must be his slave.

Mar. No, Sire, that I never shall fear; but I would not willingly bring down my sovereign to my own level. [*the king looks at him a little surprised.*] I will not impose on you, Sire—Were you to appoint me your minister, you would look for only the customary service—You would expect me to exert my courage and skill in the field, and my judgment in the cabinet. What I should execute would appertain to the throne. The advantages and beauty of my work, and the self-approbation and luxurious enjoyment of the inventor, would all flow into the royal treasury, and for this I should receive the accustomed rewards of courts. Not my actions, but their reception at the throne, must be my pursuit.—But with me virtue has its own real value. The happiness which the king dispensed by my means I should

should myself enjoy ; and what should be duty, would be inclination delightfully gratified. I should aspire after that internal satisfaction, which is the right of the sovereign ; I would rebelliously exceed the duties of my office, and, satisfied with the consciousness of having done good, disregard the favour of my prince.—And to this could you submit ? Could you consent to see another invade your prerogative ? Or would I condescend to be merely the operator where I might be the artist ?—I love all mankind, but to serve a prince, I ought to love none but myself.

King. Your ardour is justly entitled to praise. You would act like a true patriot in dispensing good. Select that office under my government in which you may execute your noble purpose.

Mar. I do not know that office.

King. How !

Mar. Your majesty, doubtless, wishes, through me, to dispense happiness to your subjects.—But is that the happiness which my pure love to mankind wishes to bestow ?—This happiness monarch's tremble at—What the policy of courts dispenses is of another kind ; it infuses other inclinations into the human mind. They coin truth, and permits none to be current but what bears their image. Can courts, then, pretend to promote human happiness ? And though we admit the word, can that happiness which they think sufficient, satisfy me ? My love for my brethren of mankind will not allow me to conspire in holding them in trammels : I cannot suppose them happy till they think and reason for themselves. The man whom I should benefit, would think himself miserable under Philip's sceptre—
Such

Such is my ambition—Choose not me, therefore, Sire, to be your minister; the happiness you have to offer I cannot dispense: I cannot be the servant of a monarch.

King. [*Surprised.*] What is this man? [*Looks at him for some time earnestly.*] And with this play upon wit, the feeble sophisms, you think to avoid discharging those duties you owe to the community.

Mar. The community to which I owed duties is no more. We had once a sovereign who was amenable to the laws; now our laws are subject to the sovereign. What I then gave to my equal, I am not now bound to pay the king.—To my country, perhaps, you will say I am. But where is it? I know not my country. Spaniards no longer inhabit Spain: it is the residence of a single mind. In this mighty empire you would live, think, and act alone, and exert its gigantic force for your own honour. You would, it is true, bestow on it the support necessary to knit its athletic limbs, and brace its nerves. Men are useful to you; you regard them no farther: they are your organs and instruments, and you reckon them the property of the crown. Genius and virtue themselves flourish only for the throne, as harvests grow for the reaper. [*He stops, thinking the king wishes to speak—then proceeds.*] I find no more my species. A new race, new bonds of nature, are produced by the command of a crowned mortal—All the passions, all the operations of the mind, are to be adjusted to his will—And though the Omniscient alone can penetrate the abyss of the human mind, and detect the secret thought; his policy devises means to subject all minds to one opinion.

King. [*Hastily.*] Are you a protestant?

Mar. [*Pausing.*] Your faith, Sire, is mine. [*Another pause.*] I have been misunderstood, as I feared I should. You see the veil which conceals the secrets of majesty torn off by my hand. What evidence have you that I think that sacred which no longer affrights me? I must be dangerous since I indulge liberty of thought. Yet am I not so, my liege—The ridiculous rage of innovation, which only increases the weight of the chain it cannot break, shall never inflame my blood. This age is not yet ripe for my ideas; I live a citizen of an age to come. Can your quiet be disturbed by what is so unsubstantial; a mere shadow?

King. Am I the first to whom you have communicated these ideas?

Mar. Yes.

King. You should first have well considered how far it might be ventured:—Are you so perfectly acquainted with me?

Mar. How far it might be ventured!—I must surely pre-suppose the lesser merit, where I sought the greater: the merit of listening to truths I had determined firmly to utter.

King. [*Rises, walks about the apartment, and then stops.*] This language is at least new to me. The incense of flattery and debasement is dissipated. A man of talents scorns the meanness of imitation. For once I will try this opposite method. My surprise has made it successful. I will have a minister of this independant spirit.

Mar. I cannot but observe how meanly, how contemptibly you judge mankind, when wholesome liberty, like mine, so surprises you; and when you
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can only consider it as a novelty in the art of flattery. I am sensible that you have borrowed these ideas from the general conduct of mankind. They have freely renounced their dignity, and descended to this degradation. They fly affrighted from the shadow of their own greatness, they delight in their poverty, ornament their chains with cowardly craft, which to wear gracefully they call virtue. Thus have you become master of the world; thus it submitted to your great father. How could you treat mankind with respect in such a state of wretched humiliation?

King. There is truth in these words.

Mar. But, alas! when you transformed man, the work of heaven into that of your hands, and gave yourself to the new-formed creature as a god, your project partly failed—You yourself still continued a man—a man as formed by heaven. You still had desires, and were exposed to sufferings like a man. The sympathies of your nature were necessary to you; and to a god can only be presented solemn offerings and fearful adoration: sympathize with him one of an inferior nature cannot. The machine must move as framed by the artist. [*The king walks about the apartment: the marquis pauses for a little.*—But, alas! even your joys were no less imperfect. Joy can only be reflected from the eyes of witnesses who share in it: but the joy which sparkled in the eyes of your servants was not your joy. They are not true mirrors which return the rays pure as they receive them; they are rather little thirsty plants, which shew what their roots imbibe by the variegated colours of their leaves. When the Creator expresses joy and happiness, what an expectation may the creatur

creature form whose fate depends on his motions? Lamentable exchange! Base perversion of nature! When you destroyed the harmony of mankind, you filled even your own soul with discord!

King. [*Aside.*] By heaven! he pierces to my very heart!

Mar. And at this price you are a god! By destroying the felicity of millions, and annihilating the joys of your own existence, you have acquired nothing; less than if those millions which have been impoverished to make you poorer, had remained as they were. The liberty you have exterminated could alone have produced the accomplishment of your wishes—Pardon me, sire—I am impelled by my subject—The incitement I feel to utter these truths I cannot resist. [*Count Lerma enters, and whispers to the king, who beckons to him to retire.*]

King. [*To the marquis, when Count Lerma had retired.*] Proceed.

Mar. The generous lion permits the insect to play at pleasure about him. I feel, sire, the whole value of the favour you do me—I am all gratitude.

King. You have more to say—continue—

Mar. I lately travelled through Flanders and Brabant; those rich and flourishing provinces, inhabited by a powerful, a great, and a good people. How god-like, thought I, to be the father of this people—Alas! my road soon led me over human bones and smoking ruins. [*He pauses, looking steadily on the king, who appears disturbed and confused.*] There are sufferings which nature cannot resist: the victim beneath the knife cannot sing the praises of him who sacrifices it. Men, not beings of a superior

superior order, will write the history of the world. Milder ages will succeed the days of Philip, and will bring a milder wisdom, which shall unite the happiness of the people with the greatness of the ruler.

King. Were these milder ages arrived, I might not have dreaded the execrations of the present. Look around in the kingdom of Spain. Here the happiness of the citizen flourishes in unclouded peace: the same tranquillity I will bestow on the Netherlands.

Mar. (Rapidly.) The tranquillity of a cœmetry—And can you indeed expect to complete what you have begun? Can you expect to resist the dawnings of truth and reason, now beaming on the world? Can your impotent arm detain the wheel of providence in its course? You cannot, by heaven! you cannot. The powerful arm of oppression will fail before the inexhaustible and enthusiastic ardour which shall resist it. Thousands have already quitted your dominions. These subjects which you lost, on account of religion, were the best and most useful you had. The fugitives have been received with open arms by Elizabeth, and Britain flourishes by our arts. Deprived of the industry of the new Christians, Granada mourns; and Europe exults to see her enemy bleeding with self-inflicted wounds. [*The King is moved; the Marquis comes some steps nearer to him.*] You wish to plant for eternity, and you sow death. Vainly have you engaged in this hard contest with nature; in vain sacrificed so many royal virtues to desperate schemes. Man is more than you imagine him to be: he will proudly trample under foot the ruins
of

of the wretched edifice which you intended for his sepulchre, and he will connect your name with Nero and Busris—This hurts me ; for you were good.

King. How know you that ?

Mar. [*ardently.*] Yes, by heaven ! I cannot doubt it. I will repeat it—But restore what you have taken from us ; let the full tide of human happiness again flow in streams upon us—Restore what you have taken away. Become the monarch of a million of kings. (*Advances to him boldly and takes his hand, surveying him with a keen and ardent eye.*) Oh ! that I could fully express the feelings and the wishes of the thousands and ten thousands whose fates depend on this important moment ! Then might I kindle into a flame the spark I see emanating from these eyes—Renounce the unnatural idolatry which destroys us ; become to us an image of the eternal and true God. Never did mortal enjoy so much, employ it to a god-like purpose. All the kings of Europe bow to the Spanish name. One stroke of the pen, in your hand, can new model the earth. Give us, then, liberty of thought. (*Throwing himself at his feet.*)

King. (*Surprized, and turning away.*) Strange enthusiast !—But—(*Looking again on the marquis.*) Rise—I—

Mar. (*Still remaining in the same posture.*) Look around on the noble scenes of animated nature—The basis of all is liberty. From the dead chaos of corruption the great Creator incessantly produces voluntary motion and enjoyment. How limited—how poor is your creation ? The shaking of a leaf alarms the Lord of Christendom. He trembles before

fore every virtue.—The great Lord of all, that the divine operations of liberty may not be infringed, rather permits the destructive ravages of evil to pervade his universe. Him, the Creator, we see not: he veils himself in his eternal laws. We see his spirit of liberty, but not him; the world is sufficient for itself. He is not more honoured by the devotion of the Christian than by the evil he permits from the motions of free-will.

King. And do you suppose it possible for man to imitate this exalted example: to imitate it here in my dominions?

Mar. Most assuredly. Apply the power of government, which has been so long employed for the aggrandizement of the throne, to the happiness of the people. Restore the languished dignity of human nature. Let the citizen be again what he was; let the peasant, the artist, and the man of genius, act with freedom in their several capacities. Then shall liberty inspire all hearts with the most ardent patriotism for their country, they will eagerly devote themselves to death. Your kingdom shall then be the happiest on earth, and it shall even become your duty to extend it over the world, to confer on the other parts of the earth similar felicity.

King. [*After a long silence.*] I have heard you to an end. You have formed very different opinions of the world from those of other men. You shall not be restrained. You have selected me, in preference to all others, to reveal your inmost soul. I believe it; I know it. Because of this reserve, and your having concealed until now such opinions, conceived with such warmth—because of this discreet caution,

caution, I shall forget that I know them, and how I came to know them. Rise: I will consider you as a youth whose precipitancy has betrayed him; and as a friend, not as a king. Even the poison of heresy may, I find, in excellent natures, be exalted to a nobler mould—But beware of the inquisition—it would distress me——

Mar. [*Interrupting him animatedly*] Indeed! Would it so?

King. What a man! I have never seen such a man before—No, marquis, you have done too much for me, I will not be a Nero, at least towards you—All excellence and happiness, I will not destroy—No—not all. You shall continue to live a man, and unmolested.

Mar. [*Hastily.*] And my fellow-citizens, fire, Oh! I fain would act for myself alone. To your subjects, fire, extend the same privilege. Let not the justest of princes become the most unjust. In Flanders there are thousands to be preferred to me; but perhaps this is the first time you have known what liberty is?

King. [*mildly.*] Say no more on this subject, young man. I am persuaded you will think otherwise when you are as well acquainted with human nature as I am. But I would wish this may not be the last time I shall see you. In what manner shall I bind you to me? Inform me. I now, for the first time, find the blessings and power of royalty fail me.

Mar. Sire, this single word has given me more than your throne can bestow. Leave me as I now am. What would I be should court influence corrupt me?

King.

King. I will not submit to this pride. From this day you serve me. I will take no excuse. (*Pausing.*) But how! What was it I wanted?—it was truth?—And here is something more.—You have discovered what I am in my kingdom; have you not also what I am in my family?—[*The marquis is thoughtful.*]—I understand you—but—though I am a most unfortunate father, may I not be a happy husband?

Mar. If a son of the utmost promise, if the possession of a most amiable consort, can entitle a mortal to be happy, you, surely, are truly so.

King. No, I am not; and that I am not happy, I have never felt more keenly than now. [*Sighing heavily.*] How would your father have rejoiced, marquis, could he have bestowed a kingdom upon you! [*The marquis hides his face. A pause.*]—Receive I no thanks for so many kingdoms?

Mar. The prince has a noble soul—At least I never saw him act but nobly.

King. But I have—You, then, know him?

Mar. Yes—Intimately, ever since we were together at the Royal School.

King. He never either loved or esteemed me—My name has been his public sport—What he has deprived me of, not even sovereign power can restore—So virtuous a queen!

Mar. Who can have dared, sire, to insinuate—

King. The world, scandal, I myself—Here are evidences that unquestionably condemn her. Others are to be had, which fire me with the most dreadful fears—But, marquis, I cannot permit myself to believe too rashly a single witness. If she can dishonour herself so basely, how much more easily may an Eboli be a slanderer? Does not Domingo hate

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both

both my son and her? And I well know that Alba meditates revenge? My queen is worth more than all of them.

Mar. There exists, fire, in the soul of woman, what is beyond all external show, and is above all calumny—It is called, female virtue.

King. Your remark is just; you understand human nature. Such a man I have long wanted—The same is my thought. To sink to that degree of debasement, which it is whispered the queen has, must cost many pangs of shame; the bonds of honour are not so easily torn as some would insinuate. The blood which rushes proudly through royal veins, disdains to admit the poison of lust, which burns only in the hearts of slaves—You are the man I have long wished for—you, or none—you are mild and benevolent; yet well acquainted with mankind—therefore have I selected you.

Mar. [*Astonished.*] Me! Sire!

King. You stand in the presence of your sovereign, and have asked nothing for yourself—absolutely nothing—This is new to me—You will be just—Passion will not lead you into error. Go to the prince—Examine the queen—I will myself invest you with full powers to see and speak to them—In the mean time I appoint you my chamberlain—and now—you may retire. [*Rings a bell.*]

Mar. May I go with full hope?—Then this day is the happiest of my life.

King. [*Giving him his hand to kiss.*] It is not lost in mine. [*The marquis is going; the king looks after him, and calls him back.*] Return again to me soon—You will not fail. [*Enter Count Lerma.*]

King.

King. [*To Count Lerma.*] Let the Maltese knight, for the future, be admitted without being announced. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Saloon in the Queen's Palace.*

The QUEEN, the DUCHESS OLIVAREZ, the PRINCESS EBOLI, the COUNTESS FUENTES, and other LADIES.

Queen. [*To the Duchess Olivarez.*] Cannot the key be found?—The cabinet, then, must be broken open—Let it be done—(*To the Princess Eboli, who advances, and kisses her hand.*) I am happy, my dear princess, you are so much recovered; but you still look very pale.

Fuen. (*archly.*) The effect of your violent and dangerous nervous fever, no doubt. Was it not so, your highness?

Queen. I was anxious to visit you, my dear, but I could not.

Oli. The princess Eboli did not want for visitors.

Queen. That I readily believe. (*To the princess.*) What is the matter with you?—You tremble.

Ebo. Nothing, your majesty, nothing—I must beg your permission to withdraw.

Queen. You deceive us—You are more unwell than you would like us to know—Assist her, countess, to sit down on that seat.

Ebo. I shall be better in the air. (Exit.

Queen. Follow her, countefs—What a change!
[Enter a page, whispers the duchefs Olivarez.]

Oli. The marquis de Posa, your majesty—(The queen appears surprized.)—He comes from the king.

Queen. Admit him. (The page opens the door to the marquis.)

SCENE II. MARQUIS DE POSA, QUEEN, and Attendants as before.

Queen. What are the commands of my lord? May I publicly—

Mar. My message is to your majesty alone.
[The ladies retire, on a sign from the queen.]

SCENE III. QUEEN, MARQUIS DE POSA.

Queen. [With great surprize.] Can I believe my eyes? Is it you? And sent to me by the king?

Mar. Does your majesty think that so extraordinary? It does not appear so to me.

Queen. The world appears to be thrown from its orbit—You and he!—I must confess—

Mar. That it sounds strange—That is very likely—These times are replete with wonders.

Queen. Yet they have produced none greater than this.

Mar. But may not I be changed? May not I be wearied of acting so singular a part at the court of Philip? The man who would be useful to mankind must accommodate himself to their manners. Of little use are the ostentatious maxims of philosophers and moralists. Who is sufficiently free from

from vanity, not to wish the influence of the opinions he has embraced more extensively. May I not possibly, at length, place mine on the throne?

Queen. No, Marquis, no; not even in jest would I attribute to you so vain an idea. You are not a dreamer who will undertake what can never be accomplished. Nor can I yet prevail on myself to believe you capable of duplicity or insincerity. Yet I think the king does not intend you should talk to me in the manner I suspect you will.

Mar. He does not.

Queen. Whatever the cause may be then, will its goodness justify the impropriety of the means? You must forgive these scruples—Surely your noble spirit cannot descend to such conduct—No, I cannot believe it.

Mar. Be not mistaken madam, it is not my intention to deceive the king. I intend serving him more sincerely and essentially than I should by acting as he requires.

Queen. There spoke thyself—enough—Now what is the king's pleasure?

Mar. He requests your majesty not to grant audience to-day to the French ambassador—Such was my commission to you, and I have discharged it.

Queen. Have you nothing more Marquis, to say to me on the part of the king.

Mar. Almost nothing more—This has given me an opportunity of waiting on you here.

Queen. I will be satisfied, my lord, without knowing what, perhaps, it is necessary I should remain ignorant of.

Mar. It is necessary, your majesty;—though were you not Elizabeth, I would hasten to give you

you more information, and warn you against those you ought to avoid. But this is not necessary to you—Danger may hover round you but it cannot touch you. All this has not power to chase sweet sleep from the eyelids of an angel ; nor was it this which brought me hither—Prince Carlos—

Queen. How did you leave him ?

Mar. In a situation that becomes the best and wisest man of his age, and ready to die for the object of his love.—I bring but few words—But here—here he is himself. (*Giving the queen a letter.*)

Queen. (*After having read the letter.*) He must see me, does he say ?

Mar. I say so, likewise.

Queen. Would it make him happy to see that I am not so.

Mar. No ; but it will render him more vigorous and resolute.

Queen. What do you mean ?

Mar. Duke Alba is appointed to go to Flanders.

Queen. So I am told.

Mar. The king will not change his resolution. We know the king ; his will is immutable as the laws of nature : he will tenaciously persist in his determinations. It is equally certain that here the prince must not stay—for Flanders must not be sacrificed.

Queen. And by what means can you prevent it ?

Mar. The means, it is true, are almost as bad as the danger : they are rash to desperation—But I know no other.

Queen. What are they ?

Mar. To you, my queen, to you only, dare I discover

discover them. From you only Carlos can hear them—hear them without abhorrence. The name they bear sounds somewhat harsh—

Queen. Rebellion?—

Mar. He must disobey the king, and repair privately to Brussels, where the Flemings will receive him with open arms. All the Netherlands will flock to his standard, and the cause which, in itself is just, will become stronger by the support of the king's son. His arms shall shake the throne of Spain; and what his father has denied to him in Madrid he will be happy to grant him in Brussels.

Queen. Be not too sanguine in such hopes.

Mar. He will; he must. The united strength of the Netherlands will be able to withstand the power of Philip.—But such an effusion of blood must not be—Europe will mediate a peace between the father and the son—Carlos shall offer submission, and submission at the head of an army will operate miracles. The king will then have to choose whether magnanimously to pardon or to risk the uncertainty of battle. How can he hesitate?

Queen. (*After a pause.*) The project you propose both terrifies and delights me—I think you are right—The idea is daring, and therefore, I believe, it pleases me—I will let it become more mature—Is the prince acquainted with it?

Mar. I intended he should hear it first from you.

Queen. The idea is grand, and well conceived. Though the prince is young—

Mar. His youth can be no objection. He will there find Egmont and Orange, the brave warriors of

of the emperor Charles, who are as wise in the cabinet, as they are valiant and formidable in the field.

Queen. Yes!—the plan is excellent. The prince must act. I see it to its full extent. The part he performs in Madrid, distresses me no less than himself. The aid of France I can promise him, and also that of Savoy. I am entirely of your opinion, Marquis,—he must act—But this plan requires money.

Mar. That, too, is ready.

Queen. I could mention something on that subject.

Mar. I may, then, give him hope of an interview?

Queen. But how? By what means?

Mar. Where usual means fail us we must have recourse to what are extraordinary.

Queen. I know none.

Mar. For example—the subterranean passages,

Queen. Of those the king has the key.

Mar. Though he has, we may contrive——

Queen. I will think of it.

Mar. Carlos earnestly desires your majesty's answer; I have told him I would not come back without one. (*Presenting his memorandum-book to the queen.*) Two lines, at present, will be sufficient to awaken his expectations and inspire him with boldness.

Queen. (*Writes.*) Shall I see you again soon?

Mar. As often as you command me to wait on you.

Queen. As often as I command you? What does that mean?

Mar.

Mar. There is neither guile, nor guilt in it, I have access to you; let this at present suffice.

Queen. Oh! How would I rejoice, Marquis, if liberty should at last find this asylum in Europe—and find it through *him*—You may rely on my secret support.

Mar. Oh! I knew it; I knew your magnanimity! (*The Duchess Olivarez appears at the door.*)

Queen. (*To the Marquis, with an air of greater distance.*) What comes from my lord the king, I shall honour as a law. Present my most humble submission to his majesty. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Gallery.*—DON CARLOS, COUNT LERMA.

Car. In this place we will not be interrupted. What have you to discover to me?

Ler. Your highness had in this court a friend.

Car. (*With surprise.*) That I did not know of!—What do you mean?

Ler. Your highness must forgive me if I have earned more than I ought to have known; but I have my information from one I can rely on; for, in fact, I have it from myself.

Car. Whom then do you speak of?

Ler. Of the Marquis Posa.

Car. How?

Ler. If you have entrusted him with secrets of importance, as I am inclined to fear—

Car. Fear!—What do you fear?

Ler. He was with the king.

Car. Well?

Ler. Two full hours, in close conversation.

Car. Was he?

Mar. *Ler.*

Ler. On no trifling subject.

Car. That I believe.

Ler. Your highness's name was frequently mentioned.

Car. I hope that was no ill omen.

Ler. His majesty likewise, this morning, in his bed-chamber, talked strangely of the queen.

Car. What do you say?

Ler. When the marquis left the king, I was ordered to admit him for the future without announcing him.

Car. That was certainly somewhat extraordinary.

Ler. So very extraordinary, that I cannot recollect such an instance since I have served his majesty.

Car. It certainly was very extraordinary—And in what manner do you say the queen was mentioned?

Ler. Your highness must pardon me; that is contrary to my duty.

Car. How strange! You come purposely to inform me of one fact, and carefully conceal the other.

Ler. My duty to you required me to inform you of the first; my duty to the king commanded me to conceal the latter.

Car. You do right.

Ler. I have always considered the marquis man of honour.

Car. Then you have formed a very just opinion of him?

Ler. All characters are faultless—till put to the proof.

Car. And some are so after they are put to the proof.

Ler. The favour of a mighty monarch appears to me worth some sacrifice. Many a stout virtue has snapped at that golden bait.

Car. It is very true.

Ler. It is also political to discover what can no longer be concealed.

Car. It may be political; but you have just told me that you considered the marquis a man of honour.

Ler. If he is so, my doubts make him no worse, and your highness is doubly the gainer. *Going.*

Car. (*Pressing his hand.*) I am threefold a gainer, excellent and worthy man—I have gained another friend, and not lost him whom I before possessed. (*Exit Count Lerma,*

SCENE V. *The MARQUIS DE POSA, passing thro' the gallery; DON CARLOS.*

Mar. Carlos! Carlos!

Car. Who calls?—Is it you!—That is well. I am going immediately to the convent—You will not delay.

Mar. Stop—only one minute—

Car. But may we not be surprized?

Mar. No, no.—It is determined—The queen—

Car. You have been with my father?

Mar. I have—he sent for me.

Car. Well!—And what followed?

Mar. It is agreed: you shall speak with the queen.

Car. But the king—What did the king wish?

Mar. Oh! nothing very particular—I scarcely know

know his motives—Curiosity to know who I was—Officiousness of friends, perhaps—He offered me employments.

Car. Which you did not accept?

Mar. Of course.

Car. And how did you part?

Mar. Pretty well.

Car. Was I mentioned?

Mar. Yes, in general terms. (*Takes out his pocket-book and gives it to the prince.*) Here is a line from the queen, and to-morrow I will consider where and how——

Car. (*Reads with an embarrassed and absent air, shuts the book, and is going.*) You will meet me at the convent?

Mar. Stay—Why are you in such haste? No person is coming.

Car. (*With a kind of forced laugh.*) Have we then completely changed parts? You are, to-day, wonderfully secure.

Mar. To-day! Why to-day?

Car. And what has the queen written to me?

Mar. Have you not read it?

Car. Read it?—Yes.

Mar. Carlos, your behaviour is uncommon. What has happened?

Car. [*Reads the lines sent by the queen.*] Angel of heaven! Yes, I will, I will be worthy of thee—Great minds ennoble love. Happen what will, when thou commandest I will obey—She writes that I must prepare myself for an important enterprize—What can she mean? Dost thou know?

Mar. If I do know, Carlos—Are you in a proper state of mind for the communication?

Car.

Car. Have I offended thee?—My mind was disturbed and confused.—Forgive me, Rodrigo.

Mar. Disturbed!—Confused!—From what cause?

Car. From—I know not what—This pocket-book, then, is now mine.

Mar. By no means. I am come, on the contrary, to beg you will give me yours.

Car. Mine! And why?

Mar. And whatever letters or papers you may have, which you would not wish to fall into the hands of a third person—In short, all your correspondence.

Car. But why do you wish for these?

Mar. Only that we may be prepared for every thing that may happen. We shall then be secure from a surprize. Nobody will look for them with me. Give them to me.

Car. This is very extraordinary! What reason have you for such fears?

Mar. Be not afraid: I have no particular reason. I mean only to caution you against danger, not to alarm you.

Car. (*Gives him his pocket-book.*) There; preserve it carefully.

Mar. That I certainly will.

Car. (*Significantly.*) Rodrigo, I have entrusted to you what is of importance.

Mar. Have you never reposed confidence in me before?—Now, then, fare you well. (*Going.*)

Car. [*Appears to struggle doubtfully with himself—At last he calls him back.*] Give me the letters again, there is one among them which the queen wrote to me when I was so dangerously ill at Al-
M kala,

kala, I have always worn it next my heart. I cannot bear to part with that letter ; return it to me—only that—take all the rest. [*He takes it out, and returns him the pocket-book.*]

Mar. I give it you very unwillingly, it was the very letter which I wanted.

Car. Farewell. [*He walks away slowly and silent, stops a moment at the door ; then returns, and brings back the letter.*] There it is ; take it. (*His hand trembles ; tears start from his eyes : he falls on the neck of the Marquis.*) My father could not do this ; could he, Rodrigo ? No ; my father could not do this. [*Exit hastily.*]

Mar. Is it possible ! As yet, then, I have not known him ? Not thoroughly. This blemish in his heart escaped me. Suspicion of his friend ?—How can such a stain remain on this clear mirror—But, no ; the censure is too severe. What I have done might well surprize, perhaps pain him. And, O Carlos ! I must still pain and surprize thee. The king thinks he has intrusted me with his most important secret, and his confidence demands my gratitude. How reprehensible would be the disclosure, when my silence cannot injure thee, Carlos ; possibly may benefit thee. Why wake the slumberer to point out the storm that hangs over his head ? It were better to secure him from the danger, and let him awake when the tempest has ceased. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—The King's Cabinet. The KING seated ; near him the INFANTA, CLARA EUGENIA.

King. [*After a deep silence.*] No ; no ; she is certainly my daughter : Nature has afforded sufficient proofs. That blue eye is mine ; and all her other

other features reflect my image—Child of my love ;
—Yes, so thou art—I press thee to my heart—
Thou art my blood !—[*Starts and pauses.*] My
blood !—What have I to fear more dreadful ?—
My features !—Are they not also *his* ? [Takes the
miniature picture in his hand, and looks first at the
picture, and then at himself in the mirror—At last
he throws it on the ground, rises hastily, and pushes
the infanta from him.] Away ! away !—In this a-
byss I sink.

Enter COUNT LERMA.

Ler. Her majesty, the queen, is in the anti-
chamber.

King. What !—Now !

Ler. And begs the favour of an audience.

King. Now !—At this unusual hour ! No—I can-
not speak to her—Not now—

Ler. Here is her majesty.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—*The* KING, QUEEN, INFANTA. [*The
Infanta runs to meet the queen, and clings to her ;
the queen falls at the feet of the king, who is si-
lent, and appears confused and embarrassed.*]

Queen. My lord and husband—I must—I am
constrained to ask justice from you.

King. Justice !

Queen. I have been basely used ;—My cabinet
has been broken open.

King. How !

Queen. I have been robbed of several things of
the greatest consequence to me.

King. Of the greatest consequence to you *ace*, I

Queen. From the misconstruction that malicious
effrontery may put upon them.

King. Malicious!—Construction!—But—Rise.

Queen. Not till your majesty shall promise me to punish the offender, or grant me permission to retire from a court which conceals the thief.

King. But, rise; I say.—Rise—In this posture—Rise.

Queen. [*Rises.*] That they are of rank, I know; for in the cabinet were pearls and diamonds of immense value, yet nothing was taken away but some letters—

King. Which I had sent?—

Queen. Yes—There were also letters from the prince, and a miniature picture of him.

King. From whom?

Queen. The prince, your son.

King. To you?

Queen. To me.

King. From the prince! And do you say that to me?

Queen. Why should I not?

King. And without a blush!

Queen. What do you mean?—You surely must recollect the letters, which, with the consent of both courts, Don Carlos sent to me at St Germans. Whether the portrait which accompanied them was also permitted to be sent, or whether his own hasty hope alone dictated this step, I do not know—If it were precipitate, it was at least pardonable—For I can vouch for him, he little imagined that I should ever be his mother.

King. [*Scarcely able to contain himself, while he*

Exits] Artful serpent! Oh! I knew you would plead your cause well.

Queen.

Queen. [*Taking his hand.*] What is this? What is it you mean?

Infanta. [*Who in the mean time has found the picture on the ground, and been playing with it, brings it to the queen.*] Oh! mamma, see, how pretty!

Queen. How! My picture! [*She appears lost in astonishment; and looks at the king, who fixes his eyes on her—after a long pause.*] Sire, this manner of examining your wife's heart is certainly most royal and noble—But may I be allowed to ask you one question?

King. It is I that must question you.

Queen. I would not have the innocent suffer by my suspicion—If this theft was committed by your command——

King. It was.

Queen. I have then no person to accuse, not any to lament, but yourself, who have not a wife with respect to whom such means reward themselves.

King. I know that language—But, madam, you shall not deceive me again, as you did at Aranjuez, when you defended your angelic purity with so much dignity—I now know you better.

Queen. What do you mean?

King. When your attendants were only gone to fetch the infanta.

Queen. What am I to understand by this?

King. At once then, is it true, or not, that you saw and conversed with nobody at that time?—With nobody?—Is that positively true?

Queen. I saw and conversed with the prince, I confess.

King.

King. You confess—Now all is manifest !—And with such effrontery ; so little regard to my honour.

Queen. Honour, Sire ! Long before I was the wife of Philip, I was the daughter of Henry ; and if honour were in question, I doubt a greater was at stake than what Castile gave me for a dower.

King. Why did you deny it before ?

Queen. Because I have not been accustomed, Sire, to be examined as a criminal before the attendants of a court. The truth I shall never deny, when it is required with that respect which I consider as my due—But was I so questioned by your majesty at Aranjuez ? Are the grandees of this kingdom the tribunal before which its queens are to give an account of their actions ? I granted the prince an interview at his earnest request—I granted it in order to shew that I will not allow custom to be the arbiter of those actions which I feel are innocent ; and I hid it from you, because I did not choose to dispute with your majesty in the presence of my courtiers.

King. You speak with great confidence, madam ; with very great confidence.

Queen. And I will add, that I granted it because the prince is not treated by his father with that esteem and affection which are justly his due.

King. Justly his due !

Queen. Yes—Why should I conceal it ? I value him highly, and love him as the dearest of my relatives, as one who was once thought worthy of being far more dearly and tenderly related to me. I do not see why I should now be more estranged from him than any person else, only because he was once dearer to me than all the world. Political in-

interests and intrigues may form connections with ease, but they will find it much more difficult to dissolve them. I will not hate merely because I am required to do so ; and since I have at last been forced to speak, I declare that constraint shall only more firmly bind me to my friends ; shall only drive me to excess ; I will—

King. Elizabeth, you are emboldened by your experience of my weakness. That mirror inspires you with confidence ; you trust in that which has often subdued my firmness—But fear so much the more—What has reduced me to this weakness, may at last drive me to madness.

Queen. What offence have I, then, committed ?

King. [*Taking her hand.*] If it is—if it is committed—if the measure of your guilt is full and overflowing—If I am deceived—[*Throws her hand from him.*] I can conquer this weakness. I can and will. Then, Elizabeth, woe to us both.

Queen. What offence have I, then, committed ?

King. Then shall blood expiate—

Queen. Is it come to this !—Gracious heaven !

King. A deed shall be done which shall appal Christendom—I know myself no longer—I respect neither moral duties, the voice of nature, nor the compacts of nations.

Queen. How much I pity your majesty !—

King. [*With violent passion.*] Pity !—The pity of a strumpet !

Infanta. [*Clinging terrified to the queen.*] The king is angry, and my dear mamma weeps !

King. [*Pushing the child with violence from the queen.*] Go, and complain to your father.

Queen. [*With composure and dignity, but with a fault-*

faltering voice.] This child, however, shall not be ill-treated—Come, my daughter. If the king will not acknowledge you, we must find guardians, beyond the Pyrenees, to espouse our cause.

King. [*Embarrassed and confused.*] Queen!

Queen. No more—This is too much. [*attempts to reach the door, and falls with the child at the threshold.*]

King. [*Hastening to her, alarmed and confounded.*] Heavens! What has happened?—Elizabeth!

Infanta. Oh! my dear mamma bleeds! (*Runs out precipitately.*)

Queen. Will no one assist me to leave this room?

King. What a terrible accident!—Blood!—Have I deserved this—Rise—Recover yourself—Rise—Some one comes—The whole court will witness this disgraceful scene—Let me beg of you to rise. (*She rises, supported by the king.—Enter ALBA, FERIA, LERMA, DOMINGO.*) Assist the queen: she is unwell. (*Exit the queen, accompanied by Feria and Lerma. Alba and Domingo approach with an air of anxious inquietude.*)

Al. The queen in tears and bleeding!

King. Is that surprizing to the fiends who tempted me?

Alba, Domingo. We!

King. Who told me enough to drive me to madness, though not enough to convince me?

Al. We told you only what we thought.

King. Perdition thank you! Oh! how I repent what I have done. Was her's the language of a guilty conscience? Is such the behaviour of a criminal?

Mar,

Marquis de Posa. (Without.) May I speak with the king? (*Enter MARQUIS DE POSA.*)

King. Here comes my faithful servant!—You come in good time, Marquis. (*To Alba.*) My Lord Duke, I have no longer occasion for you: Leave us. (*Alba and Domingo look at each other with silent astonishment.*)

Mar. (Surprized and confused, and looking at the king with an air of enquiry.) This destroys my hopes; for, to confess the truth, in the business which brought me hither, I reckoned much on this support. (*Bowing to the duke.*)

King. [Sternly to Alba and Domingo.] You know my will—Retire. [*Exeunt Alba and Domingo.* You wished to correct the error I had been guilty of. I commend your prudence.

Mar. Sire—It must appear hard to an old man, who has looked death in the face for you in twenty battles, to be thus supplanted by a youth.

King. It becomes you to think thus, but me to act as I have done. You have been to me, in a few hours, more than he has been during all his life. My favour shall be conferred openly: the man whom I have chosen for my friend shall be honoured and envied.—What bring you?

Mar. As I passed through the anti-chamber, I heard an alarming report, which appears to me incredible—A violent altercation—Blood—The Queen—

King. Did you hear it there?

Mar. I shall be most unhappy if what I have heard be true, and your majesty has acted with violence—I have made most important discoveries, which

which entirely change the situation of affairs.

King. How!

Mar. I have found means to possess myself of the prince's pocket-book, with certain papers which, I hope, may throw some light—*[Gives the pocket-book of Don Carlos to the king.]*

King. A letter from the emperor, my father—How!—of which I do not remember to have heard. *[Reads it, then turns over the other papers.]* The plan of a fortification—Thoughts from Tacitus—And what is here?—I think I should know this hand—It is from a lady. “This key—The back
“apartment in the pavilion of the queen—Ha!
“What means that? There love may freely con-
“fess—Patience—Reward”—Hellish treachery!
—Now I am convinced—It is from her—I know her hand.

Mar. The hand of the queen?—Impossible!

King. No—of the princess Eboli—

Mar. Then it was true what the page Henarez, who carried the letter and the key, confessed to me not long ago.

King. *[Taking the marquis's hand, with great emotion.]* Marquis, I am surrounded by base designing wretches! This woman, I will now declare it—broke open the cabinet of the queen. The first intimation I received came from her. Who can tell how much the monk knows of this matter?—I have been deceived by a contemptible artifice.

Mar. Then was it fortunate.—

King. Marquis, marquis, I am afraid I have been too hasty, and acted most unjustly towards my consort.

Mar. Although the queen has had private conversation

versations with the prince, the subject of them was undoubtedly different from what has been alleged. I am well informed that the wish of the prince to go to Flanders, originated with the queen.

King. I believe it.

Mar. The queen is ambitious—Need I say more—With vexation she sees her aspiring hopes disappointed, and that she is excluded from any participation of the throne. The ardent and hasty youth of the prince offered itself as the instrument of her views.—As to her heart—I doubt whether she *can* love.

King. Marquis, I can confide in you.

Mar. Whether she is beloved?—Whether there is not something worse to fear from the prince?—are questions well worth examination. With respect to these the strictest vigilance is necessary.

King. You shall exercise that vigilance.

Mar. [*After thinking a short time.*] If your majesty thinks me capable of taking upon me this charge, I must request that I may be empowered to exercise it without limitation, and with entire authority.

King. It shall be granted.

Mar. That I may have no coadjutors whatever to disturb and impede my operations.

King. You shall not; I give you my solemn word. You are my good angel. How much I am obliged to you for this intelligence. [*Enter COUNT LERMA, while the king is speaking the last words.*] How did you leave the queen?

Ler. Very weak and much exhausted by her fainting fit.

King.

King. I will be with her immediately, let her be told so. [Exit Lerma.]

Mar. [Looking after him with uneasiness and apprehension.] Another precaution I think is necessary. The prince, I am afraid, may receive intimations. He has many faithful friends—and, possibly, connections among the rebels in Ghent. Fear may make him desperate. I would advise, therefore, that these be prevented by a prompt measure.

King. You are right, but how?

Mar. Let me have a secret warrant of arrest, under your majesty's own hand, to make use of, as I shall see meet, in the moment of danger.

King. (Thoughtfully.) The measure is somewhat bold—I am afraid that—

Mar. It shall remain a profound state secret, till the instant it shall be necessary to put it in execution.

King. (Writing the warrant of arrest.) My crown is in danger, and extreme danger justifies extraordinary means—Here, Marquis, I need not recommend to you prudence and circumspection.

Mar. The situation of circumstances is critical and desperate.

King. Go ; go ; my dear marquis ; dispel the fears of my heart, and restore sleep to my restless pillow.

[Exeunt at different doors.]

SCENE VIII. A Gallery. DON CARLOS in extreme agitation ; COUNT LERMA meeting him.

Car. I was looking for you.

Ler. And I was seeking you.

Car. Is it true? For heaven's sake! Is it true?

Ler.

Ler. What?

Car. That he drew a dagger on her; that she was carried all bloody from the apartment?—By, all that is sacred! Answer me. What am I to believe? What is the truth?

Ler. She fainted; and hurt herself by the fall. That is the whole.

Car. Is there no danger? None? On your honour, count?

Ler. None to the queen—But much to you.

Car. None to the queen. Accept my thanks most bounteous Heaven. I heard a most dreadful story. The king, it was said, raged frantically at both mother and child; and a secret had been discovered.

Ler. The latter is probably true.

Car. True! How!

Ler. Prince, I gave you one warning to-day before. That you despised. Profit better by the second.

Car. What do you mean?

Ler. If I am not mistaken, I saw in your highness's hand, a few days ago, a pocket-book of blue velvet, embroidered with gold?

Car. (*With emotion.*) You did—Well—

Ler. On the cover a device set with pearls.

Car. Right.

Ler. As I just now entered unexpectedly the king's closet, I am almost positive I saw that very same book in his hand—The marquis Posa was with him.

Car. That is not true.

Ler. (*Warmly.*) Then I am a deceiver.

Car. [*Looking steadfastly at him.*] Thou art.

N

Ler.

Ler. Ah! I forgive you.

Car. [*Walks backwards and forwards in extreme agitation.*] You are engaged in an abominable conspiracy, man. What injury has he done thee? What have the innocent bonds of our friendship done to thee, that thus, with hellish industry, you labour to tear them asunder?

Ler. Prince, I honour the feelings which make you thus unjust.

Car. O God! O God! Preserve me from suspicion.

Ler. I remember also the king's words as I entered—"How much I am obliged to you, for this "intelligence."

Car. Oh! No more!—No more!

Ler. Duke Alba is disgraced; the great seal has been taken from the prince Ruy Gomez, and given to the marquis.

Car. And he concealed it from me!—Why did he conceal it from me?

Ler. The whole court already consider him as minister with uncontrouled power, and favourite without a rival.

Car. He loved me; he loved me well. I was dear to him as his own soul—Oh, that I know; of that have I had a million proofs. But—his country—must be dearer to him than one individual. His heart was too mighty for one friend; and the happiness of Carlos too trifling for his love. He sacrificed me to his virtue—Can I then blame him?—Yes! now is it certain; it is certain that I have lost him. [*Goes to the side of the scene and covers his face.*]

Ler.

and 1

O gracious queen—Damned, devilish deed!—For him no deliverance remains—He dies.

Queen. Dies!

Ebo. And I have murdered him.

Queen. Dies! Frantic woman; recollect yourself!

Ebo. And why—Why should he be condemned to death!—Oh! could I have known that this would have been the consequence!

Queen. (*Taking her kindly by the hand.*) Princess, you have lost your senses; collect them, and tell me, more composedly, not in dreadful terms that distract me, tell me what you know, and what has happened,

Ebo. Oh! do not torture me with this heavenly condescension; this divine goodness! they are the flames of hell to my conscience. I do not deserve to open my vile eyes on your glorious beauties, the emanations of your virtue. Crush the wretch who, overwhelmed with shame, repentance, and self-contempt, now lies at your feet.

Queen. Unhappy woman! What have you to confess?

Ebo. Angel of light! Exalted saint! As yet you know not, you suspect not on what a fiend you so kindly smiled—Now learn what she was—I was the thief who broke open your cabinet!

Queen. You?

Ebo. And carried the letters to the king.

Queen. You?

Ebo. Who dared to accuse you—

Queen. You?—Could you!

Ebo. Revenge—Love—Madness—I hated you, and loved the prince.

Queen.

Queen. You loved the prince!—

Ebo. Because I had confessed to him my love, and found it not returned.

Queen. (*After a pause.*) Now, all is unravelled—Rise—You loved him—I forgive you—All is forgiven—Rise—(*Offering her hand.*)

Ebo. Oh! no! I have yet a dreadful confession to make—Not yet will I rise, gracious queen!

Queen. [*Attentively.*] What am I yet to hear?—Speak!

Ebo. The king—Temptation—Oh! you avert your eyes—I read my sentence in your face—The crime which I charged you with—I committed myself. (*She presses her face to the ground: the queen goes out—A long pause—The Duchess Olivarrez comes from the closet which the queen entered. The princess still in the same posture. She approaches her silently. Eboli looking up and perceiving the queen is gone. O God! She has left me! Now is all over.*)

Oli. Princess Eboli—

Ebo. I know why you come, duchess. The queen has sent you to declare my sentence—Be quick—

Oli. I have her majesty's orders to demand your cross and key.

Ebo. [*Taking a golden cross of an order from her bosom, and giving it to the duchess.*] But may I not be permitted once more to kiss the hand of my adored sovereign?

Oli. In the convent of St Mary, you will be informed what further is resolved concerning you.

Ebo. May I not be permitted to see the queen again?

Oli

Al. To undo my own work, and begin it again at a more convenient season. *(Exit.)*

Dom. You, Princess, say nothing.

Ebol. Do what you think proper and necessary, I can never be his friend.

(Exit Domingo; Carlos enters at the other door.)

Car. Be not afraid, Princess, I will be gentle as a child.

Ebol. Prince—This surprise—

Car. Are you still offended and angry?—Still?—

Ebol. Prince!

Car. Are you still offended?—I entreat you tell me?

Ebol. What do you mean? You appear to forget, Prince;—What do you want with me?

Car. *(taking her hand with warmth.)* Lady, wilt thou always hate? Does offended love never forgive?

Ebol. *(endeavouring to free herself.)* Of what do you remind me, Prince?

Car. Of your goodness and my gratitude. Ah! I know it well; heavily have I offended thee, lady; I have wounded thy tender heart, and drawn tears from thy angelic eyes. I have done this; and I come now to repent of it.

Ebol. Prince, leave me—I—

Car. I am come to you because you are good and amiable; and because I can confide in your generous and amiable heart. Here me, lady, I have not a friend in the world but thee alone. Thou wert once kind to me—Thou wilt not be irreconcilable: thou surely wilt not eternally hate.

Ebol. *(Turning away her face.)* Oh, no more—No more—For heaven's sake, prince, no more!

Car. Let me call to your recollection those golden times, let me remind thee of thy love—thy love, lady, to which I made so unworthy a return. Let the gentle dreams of thy heart for once represent me to thee as I then appeared—And give me what thou canst no more bestow for ever.

Ebol. O Carlos! How cruelly you sport with me!

Car. Soar above your sex—Forgive offences—Do what no woman has done before thee, and what none shall do after thee. What I come to beg of you is a thing as yet unheard of—Let me—on my knees I conjure you—let me speak, though but for one moment, to the queen—(*Throws himself at her feet.*)

Enter MARQUIS DE POSA, and two Officers of the King's body-guard.

Mar. [*Breathless, and in violent agitation.*] What has he confessed? Do not believe him.

Car. [*Still on his knees.*] By all that is sacred—

Mar. He is frantic! listen not to the madman!

Car. [*Still more earnestly.*] The question is of death or life. Lead me to her.

Mar. [*Forcing the princess from him.*] You die if you listen to him. [*To one of the officers.*] Count Cordova: in the name of the king. [*Shews the warrant of arrest.*] The prince is your prisoner. [*Don Carlos thunderstruck with astonishment, speaks not another word. The Princess utters a scream of terror, and endeavours to escape. The officers appear amazed. A long and deep pause. The marquis trembles violently, and appears scarcely to know what he is doing.*]

I must

I must beg your sword—Princess Eboli, you must remain—And [*to the officer*] be careful that his highness speaks to no person—to no person—not even yourself—as you shall answer for it with your life. [*Whispers the officer, then turns to the rest.*] Now will I cast myself at the king's feet, and give him an account of what has been done. [*To Carlos.*] Prince; look for me in an hour. [*Carlos allows himself to be taken away, almost without signs of life;—in passing, casts a feeble dying look on the marquis, who covers his face. The princess Eboli again endeavours to escape, but the marquis detains her.*]

Ebo. For God's sake, suffer me to go.

Mar. What has he told you? unfortunate woman!

Ebo. Nothing—Oh, permit me to go—Nothing.

Mar. [*Holding her forcibly.*] What have you learned?—You cannot escape—I to no one on earth shalt thou reveal it.

Ebo. [*Looking at him with terror.*] Almighty God! What do you mean? You would not kill me?

Mar. [*Drawing a dagger.*] I will—Be brief.

Ebo. My life! My life! Merciful heaven! What have I done?

Mar. (*Looking up to heaven, and holding the dagger to her breast.*) It is yet time: the poison has not yet flowed over her lips. I break the vessel which contains it, and all is safe—The fate of Spain and the life of a woman!—Such a murder might I justify before the throne of the Almighty. (*Remains in the same posture in doubtful agitation.*)

Ebo. (*On her knees before him, and looking him steadfastly in the face.*) Now—Why do you delay?

—I

—I ask not for mercy—No, I have deserved death, and I am willing to suffer my punishment.

Mar. (His hand falls slowly.) No; it were as cowardly as cruel—No, no; thank heaven! there are other means. *(Drops the dagger and rushes out; exit the princess by another door.)*

SCENE X. *The Chamber of the Queen.*

The QUEEN, COUNTESS FUENTES.

Queen. What tumult is this in the palace? Every noise, to-day, countess, frightens me. Go and learn what has happened. *(Exit the Countess Fuentes: The princess Eboli hastily enters.)*

Ebo. (Breathless, pale, and in violent agitation, falls on her knees before the queen.) Oh! gracious queen! Lend us your aid. He is a prisoner.

Queen. Who?

Ebo. The marquis Posa has arrested him, by the king's orders.

Queen. But who? Who is arrested?

Ebo. The prince.

Queen. Art thou mad?

Ebo. They have just carried him away.

Queen. And who executed the arrest on him?

Ebo. The marquis Posa.

Queen. Thank heaven that it was the marquis Posa who arrested him!

Ebo. Are you so calm, so unmoved? O God! you guess not—you do not know——

Qu. Why he was arrested? For some imprudence, I suppose, natural to the ardent character of youth.

Ebo. No, no;—I know the cause better—No—

Ler. [after a pause.] My dear prince; what can I do for you?

Car. (Without looking at him.) Go to the king, and betray me also. I have nothing to give you.

Ler. Will you stay here, and brave the consequences?

Car. (Leans over a balustrade, and looks forward with a vacant gaze.) I have lost him. Oh! now I am poor indeed!

Ler. (approaching him with sympathising emotion.) Prince, will you not think of your own preservation?

Car. My preservation?—Good man!—

Ler. And is there no one else for whom you should fear?

Car. Heavens! Why do you remind me. The queen! The letter which I gave him; which I took from him, and then returned him? (Walks up and down in extreme agitation.) How has she deserved this of him? He ought to have spared her, ought he not, Lerma? (Hastily, and in a determined tone.) I must go to her—I must warn her, I must prepare her—Lerma! dear Lerma! whom shall I send?—Is there no means?—Call the marquis to me—immediately.

Ler. Who?

Car. (Looking wildly.) O God!

Ler. And ere this the king is with her.

Car. (Lost in thought.) Have I then no one?—No one?—Yes—Thank heaven—I have yet one friend—and matters cannot be worse.

[Exit hastily.]

Ler. Prince, prince, whither are you going?

[Exit.]

SCENE IX. *The Chamber of the Princess Eboli.*

The PRINCESS EBOLI, DOMINGO entering.

Do. Princess, have you heard of the change?

Ebo. What change?—You are disordered, reverend father.

Do. We have a new minister.

Ebo. Is the extraordinary rumour, which is the talk of the whole court, then, true?

Do. You have likewise your part in it. I wish you joy—sovereign of a summer-night.

Enter ALBA.

Al. (to the princess.) Drive your dagger to my heart: it was I who brought him to the king.

Do. Who could have suspected it?

Al. So much the worse. A man so deep read in deception, who could so completely dupe both you and I, may effect still more.

Do. “I have no longer occasion for you;”—my lord, did you hear that?

Ebol. How has this happened?—So suddenly—I cannot comprehend it.

Al. (In deep thought.) What would I give now for such an enemy as the prince has been to me.

Dom. Very just—I understand you—

Al. At bottom, I must confess, he is good.

Dom. That I say likewise.

Al. And deserves a better fate.

Dom. That I have ever thought.

Al. (after a moment's reflection.) Father, will you join with me?

Dom. What is your plan?

Al.

Oli. (*Embracing her, with her face averted.*) Fare you well. [*Leaves her hastily. The princess follows her to the door of the closet, which is immediately shut against her. She throws herself on her knees before the door, and continues some minutes silent and motionless; then rises, and rushes out, biding her face.*]

SCENE XI.—*The QUEEN and DUCHESS OLIVAREZ, from the closet.*

Queen. Is she gone?

Oli. Yes, in despair: her situation is dreadful.

Queen. [*Walks to a window, with signs of uneasiness.*] Where can the Countess Fuentes stay? She was to have brought me intelligence. [*Enter a page, who speaks to the Duchess Olivarez.*]

Oli. Duke Alba, and the reverend father Domingo, your majesty.

Queen. Domingo and Duke Alba! Alba and Domingo!

Oli. They request you would be graciously pleased to grant them an audience, though but for two moments.

Queen. [*After considering.*] I will; let them be introduced. (*Exeunt the page and Duchess Olivarez.*)
Enter ALBA and DOMINGO.

Al. If we may be allowed, gracious queen—

Queen. What is your will?

Do. Our anxious concern for your exalted person will not permit us to continue silent and inactive when you are in danger.

Al. We hasten, by timely caution, to defeat a plot which is hatched against you.

Do.

Do. And our zeal induces us to make an immediate offer of our services to your majesty.

Queen. (*With astonishment.*) Most Reverend Father, and you most noble Duke, truly you amaze me. Such devotion to my service, I certainly never looked for from Domingo and Duke Alba;—and I am at a loss how to value it. You apprise me of a plot that threatens me; may I enquire who—

Al. We request you to take care of the Marquis Posa, whom the king has thought proper to employ in some secret business.

Queen. I hear with pleasure that his majesty has made so happy a choice. The marquis, I have often been told, is a truly good and great man. The royal favour was never more justly bestowed.

Do. Justly bestowed! We are better informed.

Al. It is no longer a secret, in what affairs the services of the marquis will chiefly be rendered.

Queen. How? What do you mean? You interest me much.

Do. Is it long since your majesty looked into your private cabinet?

Queen. Why ask you that question?

Do. And have you not missed some things of value.

Queen. Why ask you this? My loss is known to all the court. But what has the Marquis Posa to do with that?

Al. Much, your majesty; for the prince has also lost papers of consequence, which were seen this morning in the hands of the king, when the chevalier was with him alone. His highness was soon after arrested; and the Marquis Posa is now minister.

Queen.

Queen. (after thinking a short time.) It is extraordinary no doubt ; very extraordinary—I have thus found an enemy in one whom I never could have mistrusted, and two friends whom I could never have imagined myself to possess.—Truly, I must say, (casting a penetrating look on both,) I was in danger of pardoning the ill turn you have done me with my lord and husband.

Al. We have done you !

Queen. Yes, you.

Do. We ! Duke Alba.

Queen. (Still fixing her eyes stedfastly on them.) I rejoice that I have been so soon sensible of my precipitation—Otherwise I had resolved to entreat his majesty this day to bring my accusers to my face—Yet this would now be well, since I could call Duke Alba for an evidence.

Al. Me ! Are you serious ?

Queen. Why not ?

Do. And thus defeat all the services which we in private—

Queen. In private ! (With dignity and warmth.) I should like to know, Duke Alba, what the consort of your sovereign can have to do with you, or you, reverend father, that her husband may not know ?—Am I innocent or guilty ?

Do. What a question ?

Al. But what if the king does not act with justice ? At least not at the present moment ?

Queen. Then I must wait till he does—And happy will it be for them in whose favour he determines, when he does. (Makes a reverence to them, and both Exeunt.

O

SCENE

SCENE XII.—*The* QUEEN, MARQUIS DE POSA.

Queen. At length, marquis, you are come ! and you are come most opportunely.

Mar. [*Pale as death, with a distracted look, a faltering voice, and, throughout the scene, in the most violent agitation of mind.*] Is your majesty alone ? Can no person hear us in the next apartment ?

Queen. No person.—Why ? What have you to communicate ? [*Surveys him more closely, and steps back surprized and shocked.*] And whence this wondrous change ? I tremble, marquis. Your countenance has the aspect of death.

Mar. You probably know already——

Queen. That Carlos is arrested ; and, it is said, by you.—Is it true ?—I can believe no person who says it but yourself.

Mar. It is true.

Queen. By you !

Mar. By me.

Queen. I honour your actions, even when I cannot understand them. But this once, forgive a timid woman, I fear you play a desperate game.

Mar. I have lost it.

Queen. O God support me !

Mar. Be not too much alarmed, I have taken care of the prince's safety ; I have only destroyed my own.

Queen. What do I hear ? Gracious heaven !

Mar. Oh ! Why did I risque my all on one doubtful cast ? Why so rashly, so daringly, sport with providence. Man who is not omniscient, must not think to guide the weighty rudder of fate—Oh ! it is right—But why do I think of myself—

The

The instant is precious—as the life of man. Who knows but even now the judge decides that my last moment is at hand?

Queen. The judge decides! What means this dreadful language?—I do not understand its meaning; though I shudder at it.

Mar. He is saved!—At what price no matter!—But only for this day—A few moments are yet his—Let him make the most of them—They cost me somewhat dear—This night he must quit Madrid.

Queen. This night!

Mar. Every thing is ready.—In the Carthusian convent, which for some time since has been the asylum of our friendship, he will find letters by the post. Here, in bills of exchange, is what fortune has given me in this world; what more is necessary you will make up. I have in my heart many things to say to my Carlos which he must know; but it may probably happen that I shall not have leisure personally to communicate to him all—Your majesty will speak to him this evening; therefore I apply to you——

Queen. I request, marquis, as you value my peace, that you will express yourself more intelligibly—Speak not in such fearful enigmas—What has happened?

Mar. One important declaration I have yet to make: to you shall I make it. I have enjoyed a happiness that has been the lot of few. I loved the son of a monarch. My heart, though devoted only to one, in that one clasped the whole world. In the soul of my Carlos, I prepared a paradise for millions. Oh! divine was my dream; but it hath

pleased eternal wisdom to call me from it. Soon will he no longer possess his Rodrigo. Here, here! on this sacred altar, in the heart of the object his soul adores, the heart of his queen, I deposit my last precious bequest; here will he find it when I am no more. [*He turns away, and tears stifles his voice.*]

Queen. This is the language of a dying man; yet I would fain hope it is only the effect of your passions—Or is there really meaning in these words?

Mar. Tell him to recollect the oath, which, in our days of enthusiasm, we took at a high altar, on two broken sacramental wafers. Mine I have kept. I have been faithful to him till death. He must now keep his.

Queen. To death!

Mar. Oh! tell him to realize the dream, the grand and pleasing dream of a new state, the divine plan of our friendship—Let him commence the work on the rude materials; whether he succeeds or fails in the enterprize, let him begin. When centuries have passed away, providence may place on the throne another like himself, who may complete his unfinished work with the same enthusiasm. Tell him that he must recal to his memory the sacred dreams of his youth, when he arrives at manhood; that he must not allow the maxims of policy to debase his heart, nor the grovelling wisdom of a court to calumniate enthusiasm the daughter of heaven. I have told him before—

Queen. What, marquis, to what does this tend?

Mar. Tell him that I place on his soul the happiness of mankind; that dying, I require it of him—require it, and am well entitled to demand! He promised

promised me he would diffuse a new day over this kingdom—The king gave me his heart—He called me his son—I bore his seal; and Alba was no more his counsellor.—[*He gazes some moments, silently, on the queen.*] You weep! Oh, I know these tears! Virtuous soul! They flow from joy!—But it is past—Carlos or I!—The choice was prompt and fearful—One must die, and I will be that one—I will—Oh! ask not to know more.

Queen. Now, now, I fear I begin to understand you. Unhappy man! What have you done?

Mar. I have given two short evening hours to procure a bright summer's day. The king I resign. What could I be to the king? In this unfruitful soil my roses will not bloom. These toys of infancy must be thrown aside in maturer age. I must no longer flatter myself with extravagant hopes. Shall I destroy the promising spring to gild the rigid aspect of winter? It is not for me to curb the severity of tyrants, or give liberty to the world. The fate of Europe must depend on him to whom I have bound my soul in the most sacred bonds of friendship. To him I leave Spain, now groaning beneath Philip's yoke. But evil will it be, both to him and me, should I have misinterpreted the signs of providence, and chosen wrong—

Queen. Dismiss these fears. I know your friend; and will answer for his noble heart, his generous soul.

Mar. This it was which still lay at my heart; then I will not fear—And you, queen, you shall be his surety. [*After a pause.*] I saw this love, this most unfortunate passion, had taken root in his heart. Then I might have checked it; but I did

not. I nourished it. The world may judge otherwise. I do not repent; nor does my heart accuse me. I saw life where death was most apparent. In this hopeless flame, I early discovered the golden beam of hope. I wished to guide him to excellence. The noble fruits of the soul, which of themselves slowly ripen, rapidly mature beneath the vernal influence of wonder-working love. To this I wished to expose the germ of his virtues. I wished to guide his passion to excellence beyond the common pitch of human nature; to you it was directed.

Queen. Marquis, your friend shared all your enthusiasm. But could you seriously think that I was not a woman, when you would thus make me an angel? When you employed love to fortify his virtues? Alas! we place too much confidence in our own hearts, when we dignify our passions with such titles.

Mar. Of most women this, indeed, may be said—but for one!—For one have I sworn—You certainly are not ashamed to give birth to and nourish virtue. When the painter admires with rapture the master-pieces of art in the Escorial, does it injure Philip, though they are his property? Or does the proprietor of the harmonious instrument listen to the melody which slumbers among its strings? He guards it with a deaf ear. He has bought the right of breaking it in pieces, not the art of drawing forth its music, and dissolving in the pleasures of its tones. The power of truth on the wise man, is mighty, and the influence of beauty on the feeling heart, is extensive. No cowardly prejudice shall ever banish this opinion from my heart. Promise me

me that you will love him ; love him eternally ; nor ever be led to mean denial by shameful fear, or false heroism. Promise me that your love shall be unalterable and everlasting—Promise and swear.

Queen. I promise, my heart shall alone and eternally, be the judge of my love.

Mar. Then, I die content—My work is done.
[*Bows to the queen, and offers to go.*]

Queen. Are you going, marquis, without saying when—how soon—we shall meet again ?

Mar. [*Comes back, but turns away his face.*] We shall see each other again.

Queen. [*Surveying him with a penetrating look.*] I understand you, Posa—I understand you well—Why have you done this !

Mar. I or he ?

Queen. No ! no ! you rushed headlong into this act, which you call great and exalted. Deny it not. I know you—You have long aspired to this—Though thousands of hearts break, you care not ; you can gratify your pride—Oh, now, now, at length I understand you. You sought only admiration.

Mar. [*With emotion.*] Not so—For this I was not prepared.

Queen. [*After a pause.*] Is no deliverance possible ?

Mar. None.

Queen. None ! Think well—Is none possible ? Not even by my influence ?

Mar. Not even by your influence.

Queen. Not even by a crime. You know me yet but half—I have courage.

Mar. I know it.

Queen. And is there no escape ?

Mar.

Mar. None.

Queen. [*Turns from him, and hides her face.*] Away! I value no man more!

Mar. [*Throwing himself at her feet in the most violent agitation.*] My queen!—O God! Life is yet sweet! [*Rises and rushes hastily out: the queen retires into her closet.*]

SCENE XIII. The Anti-chamber of the King.—

DUKE ALBA and DOMINGO walk up and down, apart and silent. COUNT LERMA comes out of the king's closet. To them enters DON RAIMOND DE TAXIS, the postmaster general.

Ler. Has not the marquis made his appearance yet?

Al. Not yet. [*Lerma offers to go in again.*]

Ta. [*Advancing.*] Count Lerma, will you be pleased to announce me?

Ler. The king will see no person.

Ta. Tell him I must speak with him. My business is of the highest consequence to his majesty—Use dispatch. It will admit of no delay. [*Lerma goes into the closet.*]

Al. Accustom yourself to patience, my dear Taxis; you cannot speak to the king.

Ta. No! and why not?

Al. You should previously have obtained permission of the chevalier de Posa, who at once made both son and father his prisoners.

Ta. De Posa!—How! Very right! He it was from whose hand I received this letter.

Al. Letter! What letter?

Ta. Which I was to have forwarded to Brussels—

Al. Brussels!

Al.

Ta. And which I have now brought to the king.

Al. Brussels!—Did you hear, reverend father?

—To Brussels!

Dom. That is very suspicious.

Ta. He requested me in the most earnest manner to be particularly careful of it, and seemed much embarrassed and confused!

Do. Embarrassed and confused!

Al. To whom is it addressed?

Ta. To the prince of Orange and Nassau.

Al. To William?—Father, there is treason here.

Do. It is impossible to doubt it. This letter must be carried immediately to the king. How meritorious in you, worthy man, is this loyalty to your sovereign.

Ta. Reverend Father, I only do my duty.

Al. You have acted well.

Enter COUNT LERMA from the closet.

Ler. [*To the postmaster general.*] The king will speak to you. [*Taxis goes into the closet.*] Is not the marquis come yet?

Do. He has been sought every where.

Ler. It is very extraordinary!

Al. It is very extraordinary; and, in fact, somewhat pleasant, that the prince should be a state-prisoner, and the king himself, as yet, be ignorant on what charge.

Do. The marquis has not yet been with him to inform him.

Al. [*To Lerma.*] How does the king appear to receive it?

Ler. He has not spoke a word. [*A noise is heard in the closet.*]

Al.

Al. What was that?—Silence. [*Taxis comes out the closet.*]

Tax. Count Lerma! (*Exit Lerma and Taxis into the closet.*)

Al. (*To Domingo.*) What is doing?

Do. With this tone of alarm?—If this intercepted letter—I suspect no good, my lord duke.

Al. He ordered Lerma to be called; and he cannot but know that you and I are in the anti-chamber.

Do. Our time is past.

Al. Am I then no longer Alba to whom all doors flew open? How is every thing here changed!—how strange—

Do. (*Having gone to the door of the closet, stands listening.*) Hark!

Al. (*after a pause.*) All is silent as the grave—You may hear every breath drawn.

Do. The thick tapestry intercepts the sound.

Al. Away! Some one comes.

Do. (*Leaving the door.*) I feel as much anxiety as if this moment were to decide the fate of us all.

Enter the DUKES of FERIA and MEDINA SIDONIA, with some other GRANDEES.

Par. May the king be spoken with?

Al. No.

Par. No!—Who is with him?

Fer. The Marquis Posa, without doubt.

Al. He is expected.

Par. We are come this moment from Saragossa. Terror pervades Madrid—Is it then true?

Do. Alas! It is.

Fer. Is it true?—Is the prince arrested by the Marquis Posa?

Al.

Al. Such is the fact.

Par. And why?—What is the charge?

Al. His majesty and the marquis only know.

Par. What!—And without calling together the Cortes of the kingdom?

Fer. Evil befall him who has counselled this rash and dangerous measure.

Al. Evil befall him! so say I.

M. Sid. And I also.

The other Grandees. And all of us.

Al. Who will follow me into the cabinet!—I will throw myself at my sovereign's feet.

Enter LERMA from the closet.

Ler. Duke Alba!

Do. At length! Be praises rendered to God!
(*Exit Alba into the closet.*)

Ler. [*Breathless, and in the utmost agitation.*]
When the Maltese knight comes—the king is now not alone—he will be called.

Do. (*To Lerma, while all the other nobles collect round them with eager expectation.*) Count, what has happened? you are pale as a corpse.

Ler. (*Offering to go hastily.*) It is infernal—

Par. and Fer. What? How?

M. Sid. How is the king?

Do. Infernal! How mean you?

Ler. The king has shed tears.

Do. Shed tears!

All the Grandees. (*With looks of extreme astonishment.*) The king has shed tears! (*A bell is heard in the closet. Count Lerma hastens in.*)

Do. (*Following, and endeavouring to detain him.*)

Count

Al.

Count—One word—Excuse me.—He is gone, and left us transfixed with astonishment!

Enter the PRINCESS EBOLI.

Ebo. Where is the king? Where? I must speak to him. [*To Feria.*] My lord duke, will you conduct me to him?

Fer. The king is engaged in business of great moment: no person can be admitted to him.

Ebo. Has he signed the fatal sentence? He is deceived! I can prove to him that he is deceived.

Do. [*Making a sign to her from a distance.*] Princess Eboli!

Ebo. Are you there, reverend father? you can assist me in my proof. [*She takes his hand, and endeavours to lead him into the closet.*]

Do. I!—Are you in your senses, princess?

Fer. Stay where you are; the king cannot give you audience yet.

Ebo. He must hear me! he must hear the truth, though he were a god.

Do. Away, begone! This is unseasonable extravagance. You risk every thing.

Ebo. It is for you to fear: I have nothing to risk. [*As she endeavours to force into the closet, Duke Alba comes out; his eyes sparkling with joy, and triumph in his whole deportment.*]

Al. [*Hastily advancing to Domingo, and embracing him.*] Let *Te Deum* be sung in all the churches: the victory is ours.

Do. Ours!

Al. (*To Domingo and the Grandees.*) Now go in to the king; you shall hear further from me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *An apartment in the Palace, separated by an iron-grating from a large Court Yard in front, in which centinels are stationed.*

DON CARLOS, sitting at a table, leaning his head on his arm, as if asleep. In the back ground some officers who are shut in with him.—*Enter the MARQUIS DE POSA*, without being observed by the Prince, and whispers to the officers, who immediately retire. He advances towards the Prince, and surveys him for some time in mournful silence. At length he makes a motion which rouses him from his reverie.

Car. [Rises suddenly, perceiving the Marquis, and starts back. He then fixes his eyes stedfastly on him for some moments, and draws his hand over his forehead, as if in thought.] Marquis!

Mar. It is I, Carlos.

Car. [Giving him his hand.] You have come to me again! That is well of you.

Mar. I supposed your friend might be useful to you.

Car. Indeed! Did you really think so? That delights me—delights me indescribably! Ah! I knew well you were still my friend.

Mar. And I deserved that you should think so.

Car. Have you? Oh! we now perfectly understand one another. This moderation and forbear-

P

ance

ance becomes great souls. Although some of my wishes might be hasty and improper ; should you therefore refuse me those which were just ? Severe your virtue may be, but never cruel nor inhuman. What shall be done if your duties crush my enjoyments ? Well thou knowest the remedy is beyond our power—Yet commiserate me thou always canst—

Mar. You are mistaken, Carlos ? I have never been unworthy of thee.

Car. But I have been unworthy of thee.

Mar. Hear me, Carlos. You have much to hear from me ; and our time is short.

Car. Oh ! Well I can believe you. Much it has cost thee—I know well how thy generous soul must have bled in dressing the sacrifice for the altar.

Mar. Carlos ! What mean you ?

Car. You shall perform what I ought to have done, but could not. Thou shalt procure to Spain those golden days which she in vain expected from me. With me all is at an end. That thou hast perceived—for ever at an end. Oh ! this dreadful love has blasted the early blossoms of my heart ; and they shall ne'er return. I am dead to your exalted hopes. Providence or accident introduced thee to the king—It cost thee only my secret, and you secured him—Thou art now his angel. For me there is no deliverance—Perhaps none for Spain but by these means—There is nothing to be condemned in all this but my own frantic blindness, which till now could not perceive, that thy ideas are as enlarged, as thy heart is feeling and generous.

Mar. [*recovering from extreme surprise.*] No—
I did

I did not foresee this. I did not suppose that the magnanimity of my friend would be more ingenious than my shallow policy. The edifice I have erected totters around me—I forgot thy heart.

Car. Could you only have spared the queen this fate—I should have thanked thee in extasy.—Might I not have supported it alone? Likewise she must be a sacrifice.—But no more of this—I will not reproach you. What was the queen in your eye? You did not love the queen. Shall your exalted, rigid, virtue be directed by my little apprehensions? Excuse me; I was unjust.

Mar. You are so—Yet—not for this—If I merit reproach in one part, I deserve it in all. Then should I not stand as I now do before thee. [*Taking out a pocket book.*] Here are some of your letters which you entrusted to me: Take them.

Car. [*Looking, surprised, first at the letters, and then at the Marquis.*] How!

Mar. I restore you them, because they are now safer with you than me.

Car. What!—Has not the king read them—nor seen them?

Mar. These letters!

Car. He did not, then, see them all?

Mar. Who said that he saw any of them?

Car. [*extremely astonished.*] It is impossible!—
Count Lerma.

Mar. Count Lerma told you—Yes, yes—Now all is plain—Who could have foreseen this!—The count told you truth—The other letters the king has seen.

Car. [*Gazes on him for some time in amazement.*] But why am I here?

Mar. As a precaution—Lest you should again be tempted to make an Eboli your confidant.

Car. [*As if awaking from a dream.*] Now a light beams in upon me—I see the whole of your plan.

Mar. [*Going towards the door.*] Who comes?

Enter DUKE ALBA.

Al. [*Advances to the prince with great respect; but turns away from the marquis during all this scene.*] Prince, you are at liberty. The king sent me to say, you are at liberty.

Mar. [*To the duke.*] The king may punish or pardon as he pleases; but I am surprised to see the prince free before I have had an audience.

Al. [*To the prince.*] I am most happy in having been the first to inform your highness of his Majesty's favour.

Car. [*Looks at both alternately, with extreme surprise—then to the duke.*] I have been confined, and set free; and both while ignorant of the cause of either.

Al. Altogether a mistake, your highness, as far as I can learn, to which his majesty was probably led by a deceiver.

Car. But was it by orders from the king that I am here?

Al. Yes; from a mistake.

Car. I am sorry for it—But when he mistakes, he should in person rectify his error. [*Attempts to meet the eyes of the marquis, but looks at the duke with haughty reserve.*] They call me here Don Philip's son. The eyes of calumny are fixed on me. What his majesty did from duty, I will not appear to receive from courtesy—Otherwise I am prepared

red to take my trial before the tribunal of the Cortes—I will not accept my sword from such hands.

Al. The king will not hesitate to grant you this just request, if you will allow me to attend you to him.

Car. No; I will remain here until the king, or Madrid shall release me from this prison. Carry him that reply. [*Exit Alba, who remains in the court-yard before the apartment, for a little, giving orders.*]

Car. What can I think of all this? Explain, I intreat you. Are you not his minister?

Mar. I was; as you perceive. (*advancing to him in great emotion.*) O Carlos! It has had effect—it has succeeded—heaven be praised it has succeeded.

Car. Succeeded! What has succeeded?—I do not understand you.

Mar. (*Taking his hand.*) You are saved, Carlos;—You are free, and I—(*Pauses.*)

Car. And you?

Mar. And I—I hold thee to my breast, for the first time with full and entire right. I have purchased this embrace with all, all that can be dear to me—O Carlos! how delightful, how precious is this moment! I am content with myself.

Car. How sudden the change in thy features! Thus have I never seen thee! Thy heart exults, and there is a resplendence in your look, as if soaring above humanity.

Mar. The joy of having finished my task. My course is run: now thy turn commences. We must part, Carlos! Tremble not. Oh! be a man. Promise me, whatever you may hear, not to render this

separation bitter by feeble grief, unworthy of great minds. You lose me, Carlos,—for many years,—fools say for ever—(*Carlos withdraws his hand, and looks stedfastly at him, but does not reply.*) Be a man. I have relied much on you; I have chosen to spend the heavy hours which men through fear call *the last*. Yes, I will acknowledge to thee, Carlos, I have exulted at it—Come, let us sit down, I am exhausted and fatigued. (*He comes nearer to Carlos, who still continues silent and astonished, and seats himself by him almost involuntarily.*) Whither stray your thoughts? You do not answer—I will be brief—The day after that we saw each other at the Carthusian convent, the king sent for me—What followed you know—all Madrid knows—But you know not that your secret had been betrayed to him; that letters found in the queen's private cabinet had been produced; that I had learned this from the mouth of the king, and that—I was in his confidence—(*He pauses, expecting an answer; Carlos keeps silence.*) Yes, Carlos; my own lips violated my fidelity. I myself carried on the plot which threatened thee with destruction. Facts spoke too loud—To proclaim your innocence was too late—To secure the direction of his vengeance was my only remaining resource—Thus I became thy enemy, more effectually to serve you—You do not hear me.

Car. Yes! Yes I hear. Proceed—proceed—

Mar. Thus far I was not blameable; but quickly the rays of royal favour to which I had not been accustomed betrayed me. The report reached you as I foresaw; but I, blinded by my vanity or madness, resolved to complete my work without you.
This

I gave you no tidings. This was my error; and it was madness—Forgive me. It was founded on the lasting nature of our friendship. [*He pauses: the silent astonishment of Carlos changes to the most violent agitation.*] What I dreaded, happened. You were alarmed with supposed dangers—The queen bleeding—terror and tumult pervading all the palace—the unfortunately officious fidelity of Lerma—and, lastly, my unfathomable silence—all united, overpowered your feelings—You yielded—you gave me up for lost—yet too noble yourself to suspect the motives of your friend, you attributed his conduct to great ideas; and would not believe him unfaithful till you could respect even his want of faith. Forsaken by your only friend, you flew into the arms of the Princess Eboli. Unhappy young man, into the arms of a fiend, for it was she who betrayed you. [*Carlos starts.*] I saw you hastening to her—a gloomy jealousy pervaded my heart—I followed you, but too late—You were at her feet. The rash confession was on your tongue—For you there was no escape—

Car. No, no: she was touched. You are mistaken; the story certainly touched her.

Mar. Anxiety, dread, and dismay seized me. There was no hope, no aid, no deliverance. Despair led me to fury—to brutality—I held my dagger at her breast—But at that instant, a thought struck me—a thought Carlos, great and daring, miraculously struck me for your deliverance—
 “What if I should now impose on the king, and
 “appear myself the guilty person—Probable or not
 “will be of little consequence. Possibility, as to
 “crime, is enough for Philip—Be it so—I will
 “venture

“venture—So unexpected a stroke, like a thunderbolt, will make the tyrant stagger ; and what more is wanted ?—He deliberates, and Carlos gets time to escape into Brabant.”

Car. And this—this you have done ?

Mar. I wrote the Prince of Orange, that I loved the queen, and had happily escaped suspicion, in consequence of the jealousy the king falsely entertained of you—that I had discovered the way, by the king’s authority, freely to approach the queen. I added, that I suspected I would be discovered ; that you, suspecting my love, had hastened to the Princess Eboli, intending through her, to warn the queen ; that I had ordered you to be arrested ; but, suspecting that my plans would fail, I had determined to fly to Brussels—This letter—

Car. [*Interrupting him most anxiously.*] Has not been sent to the post ?—You know that all letters to Brabant and Flanders—

Mar. Are laid before the king—Taxis, the post-master, has, doubtless, already done his duty.

Car. O God ! Then am I lost indeed !

Mar. Thou lost ! Why ?

Car. Unfortunate man ! and you are lost with me—This monstrous falsehood my father will never forgive ; no ! he never can forgive it—

Mar. Falsehood !—Recollect—Who will inform him it is a falsehood ?

Car. [*Looking steadfastly at him.*] Who ? do you ask ?—I myself. [*Going.*]

Mar. You are frantic—stay !

Car. Away ! Away ! For heaven’s sake ! do not detain me. While I wait, he meditates your death.

Mar.

Mar. The more precious is the time. We have yet much to speak of.

Car. How! Before all is lost—[*Attempting to go; the marquis seizes his arm, and looks at him significantly.*]

Mar. Hear me, my Carlos! Was I so hasty, or rash, when I bled in your room?

Car. [Gazing on him with great emotion.] Gracious providence!

Mar. Escape immediately to Flanders. The kingdom is thine; death for thee is my lot.

Car. [Advancing takes his hand, with the utmost agitation and sensibility.] No! No! He will yield; he never can withstand so exalted virtue.—I will conduct you to him—arm in arm we will go—I will say, “Father, this has a friend done for his friend—It will move him, believe me—He is not entirely without humanity. His eyes will fill with warm tears, and he will pronounce both our pardon.” [a gun is discharged through the iron-grating. Carlos springs up.] Ha! For whom was that intended?

Mar. I suppose—for me. (Falls.)

Car. (Sinks with him on the ground, with an exclamation of anguish.) Oh! Mercy of heaven!

Mar. (Feebly.) He has made dispatch—the king—I thought—longer—Think of your escape—Do you hear me?—Escape—The queen knows every thing—I can no more.—(Dies—Carlos falls lifeless on the dead body—In a little the king enters, with a train of nobles, and starts back, shocked at the scene—A general, deep silence follows. The nobles range in a semi-circle round Carlos and the body,

body, looking alternately at the king and prince, who lies without any signs of life—The king sees him in thoughtful silence.)

SCENE II. *The KING, DON CARLOS, DUKES ALBA, FERIA, and MEDINA SIDONIA; PRINCE of PARMA, COUNT LERMA, and many NOBLES.*

King. (Mildly.) Prince, I have granted your petition: here am I myself, with all my nobles, to declare to you, that you are free. *(Carlos looks up, and around him, like a man waked from a dream. He looks sometimes on the king, and then on the dead body, and makes no answer.)* Here is your sword again. You have been treated too violently and hastily. *(approaches to him, gives him his hand, and helps him to rise)* My son is not in his proper place—Rise—Come to you father's arms. *(Carlos receives his embrace in a state of insensibility; then suddenly recollecting himself, starts back, and looks steadfastly at him.)*

Car. Your breath is murderous; I cannot embrace thee. *(Pushes him away: the nobles are greatly moved.)* No: Be not astonished. What have I done? I have not touched the anointed of heaven? Fear nothing. I will not touch him. See you not on his forehead the mark of God!

King. (Turning away abruptly.) Follow me, nobles.

Car. Whither? Not from hence, fire—*(He detains him, and, with one hand, pulls the sword of the king out of the sheath.)*

King. My sword drawn! and on thy father! *(all the*

the Grandees drawing their swords.) Regicide!
Parricide!

Car. (Holding the king with one hand, and the naked sword with the other.) Sheath your swords. What do you mean? Do you suppose that I am mad? No: I am not. Were I mad, you would do ill to remind me, that his life hangs on my sword. *(The nobles step towards the king as if dreading violence.)* I beseech you remain where you are. Feelings like mine should be soothed; therefore stand back. What I have to say to the king does not interfere with your oaths of loyalty—See his bloody hands!—Look at him—Alas! look here too. *(Pointing to the body.)* This he did: This is his work.

King. (To the nobles, who throng about him.) Stand all back. What do you fear? We are father and son? I will now observe to what infamous offence against nature—

Car. Nature! I disclaim it. Murder is the word now. The bonds of nature are dissolved. You, fire, you have rent them. Shall I regard what you despise?—Look here! Murder never was committed till to-day. Does there no longer exist a God, that kings dare thus to deface his creation? Since ever mothers bore sons, one, only one has died so unjustly. Do you know what you have done? Alas! no; he knows not. He is not aware that he has deprived this world of a more precious soul, more noble, and more dear than his own, or all the generation in which he lives. He is a wretched beggar who broke into a sanctuary and stole a matchless pearl to sell it for two reals—Oh, it is terrible!

King.

King. [*More gently.*] If I have been too hasty, does it befit thee, for whom I have been so, to upbraid me thus?

Car. How! Can it be? You do not imagine, you cannot conjecture, how dear the dead was to me. So poor is reason in poor hearts! The dead—Oh, tell him, thou lifeless body! aid his wisdom to solve the dark enigma—The dead was my friend. [*The nobles are greatly surprized*] Would you know why he died?—He died to save me.

King. Ah! my suspicions!

Car. Pardon me, bleeding body, that I praise thy virtue to such ears. Let this mighty politician be shamed, that he was over-reached by a youth. Yes, sire, we were brothers; brothers by a closer tie than that of nature. His life was love; his love for me occasioned his noble death. He was mine when he made thee great by his notice; when, by his persuasive eloquence, he wielded thy haughty gigantic spirit at will. Thou thoughtst to govern him; and wast only the instrument of his noble plans. My confinement was his friendship. For my release he wrote the letter addressed to William of Orange. O God! it was the first falsehood he ever uttered. To save me he rushed on the death he has suffered. You made him your favourite—he died for me—Your heart, your confidence, your friendship, all were his! your sceptre was a toy—he cast it from him, and died for me! [*The king stands, his eyes fixed on the ground. The nobles look at him astonished and alarmed.*] And was it possible! Could you really believe a falsehood so gross? How little must he value your judgment to suppose an artifice so glaring could pass! You dared to claim his

his friendship, yet failed in this easy trial.—Oh! no, no; he was not for you. The finely strung instrument of his soul broke in your coarse iron fingers—You could but murder him!

Al. [*Who has never lifted his eyes from the king, marks the changes of his countenance with visible distress, and now approaches him timidly.*] Sire—Keep not silence thus—Look about you—Speak to us.

Car. You were not disregarded by him. He might probably have made you happy. His heart was capacious enough to supply you from its overflowing. The fragments of his soul would have rendered you divine. You have deprived yourself of him—O royal folly! thus to destroy such god-like excellence! What would you not give, could you restore a soul like this! Could you recal the spring of life; could you reverse the inexorable law of mortality, and wear your crown till the day of final doom, you could not attain to the wisdom that once dwelt in that body. This was a man, whose fellow Nature has not produced during your long reign; and here, here, [*With extreme anguish*] Saviour of the world! Here he lies, dead at my feet. [*a deep silence ensues, several of the nobles turn away, or cover their faces with their cloaks.*]—O ye who surround, struck dumb with amazement and wonder, condemn not the youth who speaks thus to his father and his king—see here—He died for me—Have you tears? Does human blood flow in your veins?—See here and do not condemn me. [*Speaks again to the king, and more calmly.*] Perhaps you wish to know how this unnatural story must end—Here is my sword. You are my love-

Q

reign again. Think not I tremble for your vengeance. You can murder me as you have murdered the noblest man in thy empire. My life is at an end, I know it. What is life to me? I have renounced every hope in this world. Seek among strangers for another son. There lie my empires—
[Falls on the body, and takes no farther notice of what passes. Mean time a distant and confused murmur of voices, bells, and thronging crowds, is heard. All observe a profound silence. His eyes glance round the circle, but no one meets them.]

King. What! No answer? Every eye fixed to the ground; every face covered! My sentence is pronounced. I read it in your mute gestures. My subjects have condemned me. [The silence continues. The tumult draws nearer and louder. The nobles whisper and sign to one another. Count Lerma, at length, speaks in a whisper to the duke of Alba.]

Ler. There is certainly some tumult.

Al. [In a low voice.] I fear there is.

Fer. Is there not some disturbance among the populace?

Several Grantees. [Hasten to the window and cry out.] A riot! Alarm from all the towers!

Ler. It advances—Some one comes.

Enter an OFFICER of the body guard.

Off. Rebellion! Where is the king? [He pushes through the attendants, and reaches the king.] Madrid is in arms. The enraged soldiers, and populace in thousands surround the palace. Prince Carlos, they say, is imprisoned, and his life in danger.
They

They demand to see him alive, or threaten that all Madrid shall soon be in flames.

All the nobles. Save! Save the king!

Al. [*To the king who stands unconcerned.*] Fly, fire—There is danger—We know not yet who leads the multitude.

Ler. By the subterranean passages to Aranjuez——

Al. [*To the king who appears not to observe them.*] You give us no answer, fire—There is rebellion—Rebellion!—Why keep you silence?

King. [*Awaking from his reverie, and with state.*] Does my throne stand yet? Am I not king? No! I am so no longer. These puppets weep, become effeminate by a boy. Thus only wait the signal to leave me. I am betrayed.

Al. What a dreadful thought, fire!

King. There! Kneel there to your young king—kneel there—I am but a feeble old man.

Al. And has it come to this? [*With a significant look to the other attendants.*] Spaniards! [*They all throng round the king, and kneel, with swords drawn. Carlos remains alone, and deserted by all, near the body.*]

King. [*Throws his robe from him.*] Invest him with the royal spoil—Carry him over my trampled body. [*Faints, and falls into the arms of Alba and Lerma.*]

Ler. Assistance! O heavens!

Fer. Great God! what an event.

Ler. His reason is disturbed!—Now!

Al. It is only a fit—Not a word of this. Let it not be whispered abroad, on your lives.

Ler. Rebellion in the very heart of the capital, and the kingdom without a head!

Alba. [*Rising with authority.*] Who said so? [*Leaves the king in the arms of Lerma and Feria.*] Let him be carried to bed. Mean while I will give peace to Madrid. [*Exit. The king is borne off, and the nobles follow.*]

SCENE III. *Carlos alone with the body. In a little MERCADO, the queen's physician, enters, looks for some time with surprise and alarm, unobserved by the prince. At length he approaches, and the Prince looks about.*

Mer. I wait upon you from the queen—[*Carlos looks away, and does not answer.*] My name is Mercado, I am her physician, and here is my credential. [*Shews a seal ring.*] The queen is most anxious to speak with you to-day—matters of importance——

Car. There is nothing important to me now in this world.

Mer. A commission, left by the marquis Posa.

Car. [*Rising quickly.*] How? I'll go immediately.

Mer. No, not now, your highness, you must wait till night. The avenues are doubly guarded. It is impossible to pass unobserved through this wing of the palace: every thing will be at hazard.

Car. But——

Mer. There is but one expedient: the queen herself has devised it; and submits it to you by me—But it is bold, singular, and romantic.

Car. What is it?

Mer. It has been long reported, as you well know,

know, that in the arched gallery of the tower, the departed spirit of the late emperor walks in the dress of a monk. The multitude believe it, and the guards surround this part of the palace with dread. If you put on this dress, you may pass them unmolested, to the queen's chamber, which this key will open. Your sacred garment will protect you. But your resolution must be immediate. The proper habit, and mask, you will find in your own chamber—I must carry your answer instantly to her majesty.

Car. And the time?

Mer. Midnight.

Car. [*After a moment's reflection.*] Tell her she may look for me. [*Exit Mercado.*]

In a little, COUNT LERMA enters.

Ler. Save your life, prince. The king rages against you. Your liberty will be taken from you, if not your life. Ask no farther questions. I have come privately to warn you. Fly instantly; you have yet time. It will soon be too late.

Car. I commit myself to Heaven.

Ler. The queen has told me that you intend this day to leave Madrid, and fly to Brussels. Delay not, I beseech you. The tumult will favour your flight. The queen excited it with that view. They dare not at present employ force against you. Letters wait you at the Carthusian convent; and here are arms, should it be necessary to use them. [*Gives him a dagger and pistols.*]

Car. Count Lerma, I am your grateful debtor.

Ler. Farewell. The events of this day have touched

touched my inmost soul—Such a friend!—All our true patriots lament you. More I dare not say.

Car. Count Lerma, you knew the deceased to be a man of a noble mind!

Ler. Once more—fly, and farewell. Better days will come, though then I shall perhaps be no more—Receive my homage now. [*Kneels to the prince.*]

Car. [*Endeavours to prevent him, and much agitated.*] Not so—not so, count. You greatly distress me. Do not unman me.

Ler. [*Kissing his hand with great emotion.*] Sovereign of my children! Oh! my children will shed their blood for you. I must not. Think of me in my children. May you return in peace to Spain, and mount your father's throne. You have been taught to suffer. But engage in no sanguinary measures against your father—Shed no blood—Philip the second forced your grandfather from his throne, that he might mount it—That very Philip now trembles before his own son—Remember this, Prince, and may Heaven guide you accordingly.

[*Exit, quickly, Carlos retiring by the other door, but suddenly returns, and throws himself on the body of the marquis, which he again holds in his arms. He then takes a ring from one of the fingers, and rushes quickly out.*]

SCENE IV. The anti-chamber of the King.

Dukes ALBA and FERIA: DOMINGO, and a number of Grandees.—It is evening, and the apartments lighted up.

Al. All is quiet. How is the king?

Fer. In the most extravagant frenzy. He has shut

shut himself up, and will permit no person to approach him whatever happens. De Posa's treason has changed his nature. We no longer know him to be the same.

Al. I must see him: I cannot delay. An important discovery which I have just learned—

Fer. Any new discovery!

Al. My guards met a Carthusian monk, who had entered privately the prince's chamber, and enquired, with suspicious curiosity about Posa's death. They stopped and questioned him. The dread of death extorted the secret, that he had papers of great importance, which the deceased had enjoined on him to deliver into the hands of the prince, if he should not see him again before sun-set.

Fer. Well?

Al. These papers import, that Carlos leaves Madrid before morning.

Fer. How!

Al. That a ship lies at Cadiz ready to carry him to Flushing—and the states of the Netherlands only wait his arrival to throw off the Spanish yoke.—

Fer. Ha! Traitor!

Al. Other papers say, that a fleet of the Turkish emperor, Solyman, had put to sea from Rhodes, to attack Spain in the Mediterranean, in consequence of a private treaty.

Fer. Impossible!

Al. These same letters state, that the design of the late travels of Posa through Europe, was no other than to excite all the northern powers to arm in support of the Flemings.

Fer. Is it possible?

Al. There is also a plan of the whole war, which

is to separate for ever the Netherlands from the Spanish monarchy. Nothing is forgot. The strength and resources of the different powers are accurately mentioned, and those which Spain can bring against them; the principles on which they are to act, and the alliances they are to form. The plan is devilish in its object, but, in its argument,—divine.

Fer. What unfathomable treason!

Al. The letters also mention a secret interview which the prince, on the eve of his departure, is to have with the queen.

Fer. How? That must be this very night.

Al. At midnight—I have therefore given the necessary orders, if such an attempt should be made. You see the exigence of the time, not a moment is to be lost.

Do. Where is the prince? Have no measures been taken to secure him?

Fer. [*Looking at Alba.*] Have you taken any?

Al. I?—No.

Do. And is the king safe while this madman is at liberty and has arms?

Al. I must go to the king.

Fer. That it will be in vain: the doors are all locked.

Al. I will forcibly open them; the impending danger justifies this violence. The king must be saved. [*As he goes to the door it opens, and the king appears. His Majesty appears sunk in profound thought; his dress disordered. He passes slowly through the nobles, who retire as he advances, and gazes vacantly at each of them. He then stops, lost in thought, and with his eyes on the ground.*]

Restore

Restore that dead man: I must have him again.
Do. [To Alba, whispering.] Speak to him.

King. He thought contemptibly of me, and died.
I must, I will have him again: he must think better of me.

Al. [Approaching with fear.] Sire—

King. Who speaks? [*Looking round all the circle.*] Have you forgot who I am? Why are you not on your knees before me, reptiles! I am still your king, and I will be obeyed. Because one has treated me contemptibly, shall all despise me?

Al. Think not of that unworthy man, Sire.

King. Unworthy! Who dares so to blame such excellence? Unworthy! By my immortality! it were easier for you to die immaculate than to rise to such unworthiness!

Al. We beseech thee to hear us, most gracious Sovereign; a new enemy, more formidable than he, is still in the heart of your kingdom.

Fer. Prince Carlos—

King. Had a friend who died for him—for him—though with me he would have shared the kingdom.—O shame! canst thou also tinge the cheeks of sovereigns! Disgraced in the midst of my kingdom; excluded from their friendship as unworthy and base.—Is it not insupportable?

Al. Have you forgot us, Sire? Do you no longer know your faithful servants?

King. How he looked upon me! Pride cannot so look down from a throne on inferiors. How much he valued what he had acquired is manifest. What he lost his anguish confessed. It was for no phantom that he threw away two lives, and disgraced may diadem. He knew what he lost. I believe

lieve it—I forgive him, that he could derive no consolation from sovereign power.

Do. [*To Alba uneasily.*] We must no longer—

King. Oh, that he could be brought back to life! Feeble power of monarchs, which extends not to the grave, and cannot retrieve an error with respect to the life of man. The dead return no more. Who will tell me that I am fortunate and happy? Where now are all your falsehoods? Fill my ears with your flatteries, play off all the machinery of admiration, declare me a god, and fall down and worship me.—Have I not long known how my mirror reflects me? You I still have—You remain. But in the grave is he whom I esteemed. What are the living to me? A man possessed of a free mind, free, standing alone, arose in this age—He despised me and died.

Al. And do we then live in vain? Let us also, Spaniards, descend to the grave. This man, even in the tomb, tears from us the heart of our king.

King. [*Sitting, and resting his head upon his arm.*] If he had but died for me! I loved him; loved him much. He was dear to me as a son. In this youth, a new, a brighter morning arose upon me. None can conceive what I intended to bestow. All Europe curses me; Europe may curse me. From him I deserved gratitude.

Do. By what enchantment—

King. And who is he to whom he has offered this sacrifice? To the boy, my son?—No, I will not believe it. Posa would not have died for a boy—The meagre flame of friendship could not fill the heart of Posa: that beat for all mankind. The objects of his love were the world, and generations
to

to come. He had it in his power to benefit them from a throne ; how could he neglect the opportunity ? How could Posa pardon himself this high-treason against humanity ? Oh ! I know him better. He did not sacrifice Philip to Carlos ; but the old man to the youth his pupil. The setting-sun of the father was unfavourable to his designs, and he turned to the rising light of a new day.

Al. Will it please your majesty to read the important information these letters contain ?

King. [*Rising.*] He may have been mistaken. I yet am myself. I thank thee, Nature. I feel in my sinews the strength of youth. [*In ecstasy.*] I will render him the object of laughter. His virtue shall appear a chimera. He died like a fool. His fall has crushed his friend, and ruined the age in which he lived. The world is yet mine for one evening ; I will make such a use of the short time which is left me, that no improver, for ten generations, shall reap a harvest from the ruins I shall leave. [*Strides up and down the apartment.*] I will be revenged for his sake, on mankind, and begin first with his darling. [*To duke Alba.*] Where is the prince ?—What have we in these letters ?

Al. These letters, sire, contain the legacy of the marquis Posa to prince Carlos.

King. [*Looks over the papers. All the nobles fix their eyes on him. After some time, he lays them aside, and walks thoughtfully through the apartment.*] Send for the Cardinal Grand Inquisitor : tell him I request an hour's discourse with him. [*Exit a Grandee. Alba and Domingo make signs to each other. The king takes up the papers again, and reads,*

reads, then again lays them aside.] This night is it?

Tax. At two o'clock, the post will stop before the Carthusian convent.

Al. And those whom I have sent out to watch, saw several travelling packages, marked with the royal arms, carried to the convent.

Fer. It is also said that great sums have been remitted to Brussels, by Moorish agents, in the name of the queen.

King. Where was the prince left?

Al. By the body of the Maltese knight.

Do. Which he has now probably forsaken, to attend to business of greater moment.

King. Is there still a light in the queen's apartments?

Al. All is quiet there. She has, besides dismissed her attendants sooner than usual; the duchess of Arcos, who last came out of her chamber, left her in a sound sleep. [*Enter an officer of the body-guard, who whispers Feria; the latter turns to duke Alba, with a look of astonishment; others press around and a general whispering ensues.*]

Feria, Taxis, Domingo. Astonishing!

King. What's the matter?

Fer. There is a report, sire, which it is scarcely possible to believe.

Do. Two Swiss-guards who have just left their posts, say—But it is ridiculous to repeat it.

King. What do they say?

Al. That in the left wing of the palace, the ghost of the late emperor has been seen to pass with a firm and solemn step. This report all the guards posted in

in that part of the palace confirm, and add, that the appearance vanished at the queen's apartment.

Fer. There certainly can be no deception in this?

King. And how did he appear?

Offi. Drest in the habit of a monk; the same he wore when he died in the monastery of St Just.

King. Drest as a monk!—How then did the guards know it was the emperor?

Offi. By the sceptre he carried in his hand.

Do. It has been long since currently reported that the same appearance has been seen there.

King. Did any one speak to him?

Offi. None dared. The soldiers said a prayer, and suffered him to pass, with reverential dread.

King. And this phantom vanished at the queen's apartment.

Offi. In the queen's anti-chamber. [*a general silence.*]

King. [*Turning suddenly round.*] What do ye say?

Al. Sire, we can say nothing.

King. Order my guards immediately under arms, and place centinels at every entrance to this wing of the palace. I wish to speak a word with this ghost. [*Exit officer. Enter a page.*]

Page. The Grand Inquisitor, sire—

King. [*To the nobles.*] Leave us. [*Enter the Cardinal Grand Inquisitor, a blind man of ninety years, led by two Dominicans, and leaning on a staff. All the grandees fall down before him as he passes, and touch the edge of his robe. He gives them his blessing. They all retire. The king follows them through two chambers, and bolts all the doors.*]

SCENE

SCENE V. The KING, GRAND INQUISITOR.

[A long silence.]

Grand Inquisitor. Do I stand before the king?

King. You stand before the king.

Gr. Inq. I did not expect to be again called before him.

King. I renew a scene of former years. Philip, the prince, asks counsel of his tutor.

Gr. Inq. My pupil Charles, your great father, never needed counsel.

King. He was the more fortunate. I have sent to entreat you to afford me the aid of which I stand in need.

Gr. Inq. Whether mine, or that of the church?

King. The arm of the church, and your judgment. [after a pause.] I am a murderer, and have no peace.

Gr. Inq. On what account have you committed murder?

King. An act of deceit and treachery beyond example.

Gr. Inq. I know it.

King. You know it? From whom? Since when?

Gr. Inq. For years past have I known, what you only knew since sun-set.

King. [With surprise.] You, then, knew this man?

Gr. Inq. All the acts of his life are chronicled in the sacred registers of the Holy Office.

King. And yet he was at liberty!

Gr. Inq. The chain by which he was bound was long, but it was strong.

King.

King. He had been long in distant countries on his travels.

Gr. Inq. Wherever he was I was with him.

King. [*Walks up and down disturbed.*] If it was so well known in that I was in danger, why was I not warned?

Gr. Inq. Your question I return you. Why did you not make enquiry when you threw yourself into the arms of this man? You knew him. A glance discovered to you the heretic. Why did you refuse this sacrifice to the Holy Office? Are we thus to be sported with? When majesty degrades itself to conceal crimes, and kings, behind our backs, unite with our worst enemies, what shall become of us? If *one* is to find pardon and favour, why should three hundred thousand be sacrificed.

King. He also is sacrificed.

Gr. Inq. Sacrificed! No, he has been murdered—Shamefully, meanly, assassinated. The blood which should have flowed gloriously to our honour, has been shed by the hand of a bravo. He was ours. By what right did you invade the property of the holy order? He should have died by us; an example at which innovators should have shuddered. A plan which we had been years maturing, you have rashly overthrown, and gained nothing but hands stained with blood.

King. I was hurried away by passion. Pardon me.

Gr. Inq. Passion! Do I speak to Philip the young prince? Am I alone become an old man?—Passion! [*With energy and warmth.*] Give liberty to all consciences in your kingdom, if you are yourself shackled with such chains.

King.

King. In these things I am yet a novice : have patience with me.

Gr. Inq. No, I am not pleased with you. How have you sullied all your former reign ? Where was then the Philip whose firm soul was fixed and unchangeable as the polar star ? Had the past all disappeared, and the world vanished from your eyes, at the moment you gave him your hand ? Was poison no longer poison ? Had the wall of separation between good and evil, truth and falsehood, fallen down ? What is the resolution, the constancy of man, when, in one feeble minute, the inflexible firmness of a reign of sixty years vanishes like the dream of a woman ?

King. I looked on his face. Forgive my thus yielding to the feelings of human nature—Such feelings find one avenue less to enter your heart. You have eyes no longer.

Gr. Inq. But what was this man to you ? What new instruction could you derive from him ? Are you so little acquainted with enthusiasm and innovation ? Is your ear so unaccustomed to the specious language of the new reformers of the world ? If the edifice of your faith depends on words, with what front, suffer me to ask, can you sign the mortal sentence of a hundred thousand feeble souls, who ascend the flaming pile, for no other offence ?

King. I earnestly desired to be served by a man ; that Domingo whom you gave me as such——

Gr. Inq. What are men to you ? Mere counters, nothing more. Must I again teach the elements of the art of government to my grey-headed pupil. The earthly god should accustom himself to wish for nothing that may be denied him.—If you sigh after sympathy

Act V. DON CARLOS.
sympathy and social feelings, you yield the world to your equals, and what rights have you above your equals?

King. [*Throws himself into a chair.*] Oh! I am a feeble man; I know it. You expect from the creature what can only be performed by the Creator.

Gr. Inq. No, sire; you cannot deceive me. You are discovered. You wish to escape. You find the chains of the church too heavy for you, and would be free and independent. [*He pauses; the king is silent.*] We have detected you—Render thanks to the church, that she is contented to chasten you as a mother. The choice which you were left blindly to make was your punishment. You have received instruction: now return to us.—Had I not to-day stood before you—by the living God! to-morrow you should have stood before me.

King. Be calm, priest. This I shall not suffer. To be thus spoken to I will not submit.

Gr. Inq. For what cause have you called up the ghost of Samuel? I have given two kings to the Spanish throne, and I thought the work of my day was done. To have lived in vain must grieve him whose life has extended through nearly a century.—Pardon me, sire—And now for what purpose was I sent for?—My time is precious—Moments are valuable at the age of ninety. Why am I here? I am not inclined to repeat this visit.

King. One labour more, and that the last—then shalt thou be dismissed. Let there be peace, therefore, between thee and me. What is past is gone. We are reconciled.

Gr.

Gr. Inq. [*giving him his hand.*] Yes, since Philip yields with such humility.

King. [*after a pause.*] Carlos is suspected of high treason.

Gr. Inq. What have you determined?

King. Bold steps or nothing.

Gr. Inq. What do ye call bold steps?

King. He will escape unmolested, unless—I put him to death.

Gr. Inq. [*significantly.*] Well!

King. Can you teach me any apology which shall divest of its apparent cruelty the act of putting my son to death.

Gr. Inq. To reconcile eternal justice the Son of God died on the cross.

King. You will propagate this doctrine through Europe?

Gr. Inq. Far as the cross is worshipped.

King. I have struggles with offended nature; what influence have you over this tribunal?

Gr. Inq. Faith listens not to the voice of nature.

King. I give up my office of judge to you. May I not wholly retire from acting in this scene?

Gr. Inq. Deliver him into my hands.

King. He is my only son.—For whom have I gathered?

Gr. Inq. [*With vehemence.*] Desolation rather than liberty!

King. [*Rising.*] We are agreed. Come on.

Gr. Inq. Whither?

King. To receive the victim from my hand.
[*Takes him by the arm and leads him out.*]

SCENE

SCENE VI.—*The Chamber of the Queen quite dark.*

Enter CARLOS in the habit of a monk, masked, with a drawn sword under his arm. Takes off his mask, and approaches a door which is opened to him. Enter the queen in a night-dress, with a candle, which she places on a slab. Carlos kneels before her on one knee.

Car. Elizabeth!

Queen. Thus do we see each other again?

Car. Thus we see each other again. [*a pause.*]

Queen. Rise—We must not unnerve each other—The great dead shall not be dishonoured by womanish tears; they should flow for common sufferings. He sacrificed himself for you. With his invaluable life he purchased yours. You feel at what a rate he prized it—And shall his blood have flowed for a chimera? Carlos, I have myself promised for you. When I had pledged my word for you, he went hence calmer and more chearful, and will you make that word prove false?

Car. [*With enthusiasm*]. I will raise a monument to his memory greater than king ever had. Over his ashes a paradise shall bloom.

Queen. Thus it was I wished to find you. Such was the mighty purpose of his death. Me he chose the executrix of his last testament. I will remind you; I will urge you to the fulfilment of this oath—[*a pause*].—Another bequest also he deposited with me—I gave him my word—and—why should I conceal it? He gave me his Carlos—I disdain appearances. I will dismiss my fears—You see, Carlos, I am no longer alarmed at being alone with you at this late hour. I will for once be bold as a

R

friend.

friend. My heart shall speak. He called our love virtue—I will believe him, and my heart shall no more—

Car. Do not say it. Let no untruth pollute those lips. You, Elizabeth, knew the divine man; and the woman whom I adore shall not have known him, and sink down to me—Let us not deceive ourselves. I have had a long and heavy dream. I loved—Now am I awake. Let us forget what is past. Here I give you back your letters; destroy mine. Fear no more wild emotion in me. That is all over. A purer fire has refined my being. My passions are buried in the sepulchres of the dead. No mortal desire shall divide this bosom more—[*After a pause, taking her hand.*—I came to take leave of you.

Queen. [*Turning away her eyes, and with a faltering voice.*] Carlos!

Car. Do not be astonished. It is no sacrifice; it has cost me no struggle. At length I am convinced that there exists a more exalted good, and more worthy to be sought after even than thee. A short night has added wings to my flow years, and early matured me into a man. I have nothing else to do in this life, but to remember my friend. In one evening have I received and expended the provisions for my whole existence. All my harvests are past [*approaches the queen, who hides her face.*]—Will you not answer me?

Queen. Do not mind my tears, Carlos; I cannot restrain them; but be assured I admire you.

Car. You were privy to our bond of union. Under this name thou wilt remain the dearest to me of all the women in the world. My friendship

can I as little transfer to you as I could yesterday give my love to another woman.—But sacred shall the royal widow be to me, should providence conduct me to the throne. [*Enter king, the Grand Inquisitor and nobles, in the back ground.*]—I now leave Spain, and see my father no more—Never in this life more—In my bosom nature is dead. Be again a wife to him. He has lost a son. Return to your duties. I hasten to deliver my oppressed people from the hand of tyranny. Madrid shall never see me more, unless as king—And now, as a long farewell, mother, kiss your son.

Queen. O Carlos! What shall I say? I cannot, I dare not, look up to your exalted greatness of mind; I can only contemplate and admire you.

Car. Am I not firm, Elizabeth? I hold thee in my arms and tremble not; I swerve not from my purpose. From this place, yesterday, the last trump could not have moved me. [*He leaves her.*] But that is past. Now I despise, and brave every fate of mortality. I held thee in my arms and swerved not.—Ha! What was that?

Queen. What?

Car. Did you not hear some one breathe behind us? Hark! [*A clock strikes.*]

Queen. I hear nothing, but the fearful bell which tolls our separation.

Car. Good-night, then. From Ghent you will receive my first letters. My conduct towards Don Philip shall henceforth be public: there shall be no more secrecy. Fare you well, dear mother. Be this my last deception. [*As he goes to take the mask, the king comes forward and stands between them.*]

King.

King. It is thy last. [*The queen falls lifeless on the floor.*]

Car. [*Rushing to the queen, and taking her in his arms.*] Is she dead? Oh! Heavens and earth!

King. [*Unmoved, and coldly, to the grand inquisitor.*] I have done my part; do you yours. [*Exit.*]



THE END.

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